THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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SYDNIE ADRIANCE;

OR,

Trying the World.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "IN TRUST," "CLAUDIA," &c.

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"Such a conquest!" and Laura, fan in hand, threw herself on the sofa by the window. "Put away your writing and listen to me, if it isn't a love letter."

"I am all attention," and I shut my tiny desk with a sharp click. "What fortress have you laid in ruins now?"

"First—wasn't it superb last night! The handsomest woman in the room was acknowledged to be Mrs. Lawrence; the two girls who bore off the palm were Miss Adriance and Miss Hastings. The one with her dusky, oriental magnificence, eyes of slumberous fire and vivid Southern temperament, the other with her cooler Northern blood that gives a touch of frost, melting at the first advance of summer. Shall I go on?"

"Spare your nonsense," I said. "If I hear so much of the ball I shall be sick of it."

"There is no use of airing your humility before me. You did enjoy it, I know. I was glad to see you behave so respectably."

"I don't imagine a ball-room triumph is worth a great deal," I returned with a doubtful smile.

"Take the goods the gods provide and make a feast over them all. That is the only true philosophy. I enjoy being considered handsome, though I do call in the assistance of art. I'm thankful to the bloom of youth for my radiant complexion, to the hair-dresser for making the most of my scanty locks, and the dress-maker for improving my figure. When society praises you, take it as your just desert, and people will pride themselves upon telling you the truth. It is pleasanter to be overvalued than undervalued."

"But your conquest?" I said impatiently.

"You were so engrossed with your own admirers that you missed the fun. Of course you were introduced to the poet H———? The *on dit* is that he is engaged to Miss Conway, who really does write delightful stories, and is a very fine intellectual woman. She was determined to keep him within her charmed circle of congenial minds, and I threw out a little bait. My sweet simplicity captivated him, and he has asked me to drive with him this afternoon. I wonder how Miss Conway will take it?"

"Oh, Laura, how could you?"

"All is fair in love and war, you know. I have improved the seventeen years and five months of my life. I think he is desperately smitten."

"Suppose he should fall in love?"

"Then he must fall out again."

"You will not marry him?"

"My dear simpleton he is poor, and I am looking for a fortune."

"Whether you love or not?"

"When you come to take the census you will find that love matches do not pay. All I ever knew turned out miserably. Love in a cottage is charming to talk about, and I shall improve upon the theme this afternoon most eloquently."

"And you can deliberately resolve to throw away happiness for a mere show!"

"Put it 'substantial,' and I'll risk the happiness. You are too romantic, Sydnie. Your ideals and dreams will never be realized in this world of shams."

"There must be some truth, some reality."

"Nonsense! Society is a very fine humbug, and it won't do to drag in Truth by the hair of her head. It does not ask what is under the satin, but it does insist rigorously upon the satin. You will find that the chief end of woman is to make a good marriage. What else can she do? Old maids are laughed at, quizzed, sent about from pillar to post, and made the slaves of everybody, unless they happen to have a fortune. Not to marry well is a capital sin against society."

"But no true woman could degrade herself by marrying without affection."

"Of course it would be a crime to confess it. Here, with the mask off, we can show honest faces. What does a man marry for? He wants an elegant mistress to his establishment, or an income that will help him sustain one. In six months he wouldn't be able to tell his wife from other women if it wasn't that she asked him for money occasionally. And if she was weak enough to pin her faith on his love, she can spend the rest of her days in the shadow of a dead hope, grow old and miserable at home while society adores him, and pities him for being tied to such a log."

"You will admit that people *can* love?"

"One feels in one's novel-reading days as if there was a tender place in the head or the heart that love alone could fill, yet few of the people who marry for love are happy. It has a miserable faculty of turning to dress. I choose to look at the facts—here is the world—pretty fair if you are sharp enough to take advantage of it, otherwise you drift about to no purpose. When you have a good position you can dictate to your neighbors, and it is much pleasanter to rule than to be ruled."

"How much nobler we should all be if we took as much pains to do right, as some do to be false and unnatural."

"Oh, it would wear me out in a month to practice so many virtues."

"And you are willing to receive credit for qualities you don't even desire to possess?"

"Oh, my dear girl, you go too deeply into these matters. Life in general is like French flowers. Brilliancy and beauty at the top, underneath a little cotton and painted muslin stuck together by paste. It is not wise to go into details."

"I can never be satisfied with such an existence," I said warmly.

"You had better ask for a missionary appointment and go to foreign lands, for I think the majority of the people here do not desire to be converted from the error of their ways. You are a little too good for this world, yet I don't quite despair of you under Mrs. Lawrence's judicious training. But I must run away now. Wish me success."

How much her views were like Mr. St. John's. Was there no real nobleness and generosity in the world? I would not judge it so harshly because I felt in my own soul that I was capable of higher joys than dressing and flirting. And yet, what else was there to do in such a life? One read novels in a desultory fashion, or sketched, or crocheted a little, the rest of the time being devoted to pleasure.

Laura took her drive and made a new engagement. She laughingly begged me to comfort Miss Conway, and fate threw us together. A fine, pure soul was hers, full of high aspirations. I liked H——— also. I could understand the harmony there might be between them, and it vexed me that he should neglect her for Laura.

How the girl managed that her many flirtations should not interfere I cannot divine. Most of the gentlemen seemed to consider her a charming and almost irresponsible child, and more than one matron excused her on the ground that she really did not mean any harm, but was frank and impulsive, and always ready to please. She was not unmindful of the main chance, however, and kept Mr. Varick within reach constantly. He was a widower, but childless, and for many years a sister, now dead, had superintended his establishment. Others beside her cast longing eyes toward the possessor of such a fortune.

As a whole I believe my month at Newport was a success. Mrs. Lawrence approved, Mr. St. John took care that I should not lack for pleasures. Riding, bathing, dancing, and merriment of all kinds that youth cannot resist. I honestly tried not to flirt, and was thankful that I had not come husband-hunting.

Not that there were no men worthy of loving. But in the glamor of such gayety who can see soul to soul? I felt that I would hardly risk a love born under such auspices. One could not tell the tinsel from the pure gold, if indeed there was any.

With all these gayeties there was little time to cultivate friendships, yet I did spend many pleasant hours with Miss Conway and Mrs. Westervelt. The latter was such a sweet, kind, motherly woman. I really wondered what attraction there was in the place for her, and found that her son had made her promise to join the Hastings party, as he expected to be away nearly all summer on business. Her passion for him was one of the rare romances of life. He was the last of quite a large family.

"A good young man," said Laura, with her peculiar little laugh. "Devoted to his mother and all that. I don't know but I should marry him, only I am not of the goody sort, and want a little liberty to breathe now and then."

At last we reached the grand ball of the season, a masquerade. Such an endless discussion as to characters and dresses, and guesses hazarded about every one! The scene itself was beyond description. One felt transported to strange countries. Cavaliers, dukes, kings, historical characters, pages and knights of romance jostled one another, and jested gayly. Laura personated Byron's Leila, looking the coquettish girl to perfection, the oriental dress and fillet of pearls making her absolutely beautiful. The poet paid court to her as the Giaour. Mr. St. John chose the costume of a Spanish woman for me, and I wondered if my grandmother ever stepped more stately in flowing robes and lace mantle. Somehow I felt wondrously at home, and fancied that I acquitted myself very well.

It was near dawn when the revellers began to disperse. The night had been one of unusual enjoyment, but now crape, illusion and flowers began to droop.

"Let us go," I said to Mrs. Lawrence. "I don't want to remember the scene in ruins."

"You are right," Mr. St. John returned. "The last gala night here. Are you not sorry?"

"No," I answered, a little wearily. "The whole month has appeared like a masquerade. I shall be glad to get back to sober life."

"Laurelwood will seem dull and tame."

"If it is as bright as my remembrance of it I shall have no fear."

He turned me suddenly round and gave one long, searching glance into my face. Then with a hurried good night we parted.

CHAPTER V.

It is sweet to feel by what fine spun threads our affections are drawn together. —*Sterne.*

The next day was one of farewells. No more rambles in the tender, throbbing moonlight, with the great swells of the ocean rising and sinking with their thunderous rhythm, and foam phantoms chasing one another far up the shore. No more drives in softest twilight, where the purple air was all alive and quivering with the glory of the departed day. No more brilliance and flirting in the long hall, thronged with porters bringing down hosts of trunks. The revel was surely over, and the place already wore an air of desolation.

Mrs. Westervelt had insisted, and Mrs. Lawrence had accepted an invitation for a few weeks in New York.

"Miss Adriance will not want to keep straight on with dissipation, I think," Mr. St. John said. "Suppose we take a quiet little turn about the country for a fortnight?"

"Oh," I exclaimed, in a delighted tone, and I know the gratification in my face finished the sentence.

So we said good-by to the party. I would have been very lonely for the remainder of the day if I had not heeded Mrs. Lawrence's fervent injunction and gone to bed. I was really tired and sleepy.

The parlors looked lonely enough in the evening. Two or three lingerers sang at the piano, but I fancied the voices had a pathetic touch.

"Let us go out for a short walk," Mr. St. John said. "There is no moon, but we shall not lose our way."

"Well," he began, after a long, long while, just as I fancied that he was not going to talk at all—"how do you like this phase of life? I think its gayeties have not proved tiresome."

"It seems a sort of hot-house existence," I answered, "and though it is delightful for a while, I shouldn't want it continually."

He laughed sharply, with a curious sound in his voice that displeased me.

"You still cling to the old notion. Your friend should have turned your thoughts into a more practical channel."

I knew he meant Laura.

"I think neither of us would be likely to influence the other. We are as widely different as one can well imagine." Then, after a pause, which he seemed in no hurry to break, I said—"Mr. St. John, have you any faith, any creed, any rule of conduct?"

"My beliefs are not for a woman fair and young;" and I knew the expression of his face must be bitter by the tone he used. "But we will not spoil our last night here by disputing. We surely can find some pleasanter topic of conversation."

And to do him justice he did. I confess I do not understand the man at all. Every change in him surprises me. When he seemed firmly fixed as the rock of Gibraltar, and hedged about with thorns, and while you are considering in what manner you can best meet his mood, he suddenly becomes as calm and as fair as a summer sea.

Our little tour was very delightful, taking in Niagara. My pen almost stops, my very thoughts stand with uncovered, reverent heads. Sublimity and grandeur are meaning words, but they are tame when applied to this resistless tide, nature's magnificent organ, whose tones seem akin to the full choral of that morning when the stars all sang together. Every dash of spray is deeply tinctured with a sense of mysterious loveliness, amber, opal and frost white with the warmer hues born of sunshine. A sacred pilgrimage that ought to make one's soul better and nobler.

I liked Mr. St. John so much while we were there. He seemed to throw off the mask he wears continually, and give one a glimpse of the real man, royally sweet, appreciative and enjoyable.

I was glad to see Mrs. Westervelt again. She welcomed us all warmly with that genuine hospitality which is always beyond question. Home is pre-eminently her place. Her gentleness, her affection, her comprehensive charity charm me. I wonder how it would have been with me if I had shared such a mother's love!

Philip, the son, was still away when we first came. I own that I was positively anxious to see him, and it was delightful to have his mother talk of him in her fond, half-girlish manner, for she is one of the women who will never grow old. Mr. Westervelt, though not much her senior, seems quite aged beside her. He is still hale and hearty though, with his mind completely engrossed by business.

Mrs. Lawrence had gone out one afternoon, and I sat in Mrs. Westervelt's room reading to her. This was a great pleasure to me, and coming occasionally to a passage marked, I lingered over it with peculiar interest. She would recognise it with a quick smile, and for a few seconds lose herself in happy remembrances. During one of these pauses I heard a servant's exclamation in the hall, the quiet shutting of the door, and a light, springing step mounted the stairs, two at a bound.

She gave a little cry of joy and started from her chair, to be clasped to a heart fond and warm as her own. I had a glimpse of a frank, youthful face, blushing in surprise, and a head of tawny chestnut curls, and then I ran away, feeling that the scene was too sacred for stranger eyes. And it saddened me to know that in all the wide world there was no such love and no such welcome for me.

Presently I was sent for to the drawing-room, and introduced formally, but Mr. Westervelt laughed as he said—

"My mother insists that I shocked you half an hour ago, Miss Adriance, by my sudden appearance. Not having the grace of an angel, I suppose I ought to apologise. I expected to find her alone."

"Not a very complimentary apology, when you saw how I was entertained," Mrs. Westervelt said deprecatingly.

"Mother, do you mean to keep me from making peace with Miss Adriance? Did you expect me to send a telegram, with date of hour and moment, when I came flying upon the wings of the wind myself? Suppose we do it all over again? Newport has put some grand ideas in your head. I shall have to take a turn there next summer. Miss Adriance, am I forgiven? Please don't think me a bear. I am more like a great shaggy Newfoundland dog."

"There certainly was nothing to pardon," and I smiled.

"Mamma mine, you see she doesn't hold malice. I'm glad, Miss Adriance, for I want to be friends with you, since you have a claim on some one very dear to me. If you had not started quite so soon, I should have dropped down upon you at Laurelwood, for I have been rambling about Virginia the last six weeks. It would have been Tara's halls deserted."

"But 'Beauty's reign' was not over."

"Ah, you have been conquered by its potent spell. Did you ever see so lovely a place, Miss Adriance? St. John goes on adding to it year by year, and yet to me it has always been perfect."

Mrs. Westervelt rang for a servant to light up the room. I ventured to take my first real glimpse of Philip then. Frank and manly, without being regularly handsome; a rather full figure, with remnants of boyish grace, and a face good and sweet, rather than strong. Not that it was weak, but it lacked the sense of maturity and power that always pleased me so in Mr. St. John. I don't know why I should compare other men with him, as if he were a standard of excellence, and yet I often find myself doing it. There was nothing bitter nor satirical in this face, and I felt how genial and warm his heart must be.

Mrs. Westervelt left us to give some orders about the dinner. Philip eyed me in an odd, amused fashion for a moment, then said, with his bright smile,

"You must pardon me, but I have had a great curiosity to see what Mr. St. John's ward would be like. Guardianship seems a new phase for him."

"He did not choose her," I returned. "She was 'greatness thrust upon him.'"

"How does he bear his honors—meekly?"

"I have a fancy that meekness is not one of his strong characteristics."

"You are right. Well, do you like him?"

"Sometimes." I made a slight grimace for the rest.

He laughed.

"Don't think me impertinent. He is peculiar, and so are you."

"Peculiar!" I echoed.

"Yes. You carry it in your face. A kind of mystery that perplexes one."

"I was not aware of that," I said. "I always fancied my feelings came quite readily to the surface."

"Do they? Not those that you care the most about. Did you ever think, Miss Adriance, of the different stories people carry in their faces? Some writer says—'We come at length in ourselves to express the spirit within us. The physical fact has its perfect moral respondent.'"

"But that cannot apply to faces."

"I believe no general rule applies to all. But some faces do express at a glance the contents within. They are never difficult natures to read. Others set one wondering what their possessors will do in the great straits of life, when some emotion magnetized by its own strength sways and thrills them, and hurries them impetuously through contests. You ask if they will be bitter in anger, defiant, and uncompromising; or if through all the power and strength runs a fine stream of rarest love, like the glowing veins in an agate, and tells you what the draught would be if the right hand held the key to the fountain."

I was growing strangely interested, and asked,

"What do you see in my face?"

"I'm not going to tell you now, but sometime when the friendship warrants the frankness, you may ask me; though I assure you I do not boast of my skill. You see that I count upon being friends;" and he smiled.

I held out my hand with a sudden impulse.

"Thank you. I have another fancy about names, Miss Adriance. If you have been wrongly called, we shall have a new christening. Now my mother, you see, must have had a presentiment. Philip would call up a vision of hazel eyes, chestnut curls, a laughing, careless fellow with small regard for extreme conventionalities, fond of gay, social life, and home love. And Stuart is just the name for St. John, proud, stern, and suggestive."

"I will give you three guesses," I said, as his eyes questioned me.

"Margaret or Eleanor?"

"No."

"You are so tall and stately, and with that wealth of dusky hair, that you ought to have a queenly appellative. Softness and gentleness will not do for you."

"Why shouldn't I have a gentle name. Do you think I have nothing appealing in my nature?"

"Think of May, or Grace, or Jessie—"

"Or Ellen. Yet I am sure Ellen Douglas had some spirit and character."

A strange light wandered over his face, softening it indescribably.

"Your black eyes, with their slumberous fire, would spoil an Ellen. She should be small and slender, with loose, brown curls, and shy, downcast eyes of Heaven's own blue. Her voice should be smooth and cool like the murmur of a midsummer stream through flowery meads. What strange dreams sometimes get tangled with one's life! But my last chance," and he roused himself with an effort—"Elizabeth?"

"It would be cruel to torment you. My

mother loved my dead father so well that she gave me his name—Sydnie."

"Excellent. That heightens the mystery of your face."

"You insist upon that?"

"It is a cardinal point of faith with me. There's St. John's voice in the hall, so we will append to our conversation a 'to be continued;'" and he laughed lightly as he went out to meet his friend.

What a contrast the two men were. I could not help remarking it at the dinner-table. How they had ever become such warm friends puzzled me. And this night Mr. St. John bloomed into a geniality and richness that was absolutely fascinating. How handsome he was, with a bright glow in his eyes and a flush upon his cheek; for although in the enjoyment of perfect health, he had very little color. We had a really delightful evening, and the picture remains in my mind as one of those perfect home scenes that I at least had rarely witnessed. Mrs. Westervelt's joy was complete. The sweet face was serene and content.

Mrs. Lawrence has a wonderful adaptiveness. She seems at home everywhere, and enjoys all pleasures in the same refined and delicate manner. I suppose she has some choice, but none of her feelings are ever roused into active opposition. I wonder if she doesn't grow tired, living the same life over day after day. I should want some great event to happen—some incident that would stir my blood now and then.

After Philip's return we were a good deal gayer, or at least he gave to all delights his peculiar zest. His love for his mother was like a tender romance, and he treated her with a deference and devotion any wife might have been proud of. She appreciated it thoroughly; but I think she was most generous in that she did not seem to fear the time when she would be called upon to share it with another. Indeed, Philip's wife was rather a pet idea of hers. I smiled as I thought how Laura had discarded him from her future.

There was a series of small dinner-parties, concerts, and several operas, to take up our attention. Beyond this, rambles with Philip, who haunted picture galleries and artist's studios. He was not lacking in cultivation as well as love for all things beautiful.

"It puzzles me how you can have learned so much," I said, late one afternoon, as we were sauntering through a quiet street.

"I believe nearly all the good things in my life came from Laurelwood," he returned, seriously.

"Love for art, for music, for home, and all refined enjoyments. You must have been an apt scholar and Mr. St. John a most generous preceptor."

"When you know him better you will scarcely wonder. You have hardly seen his real character yet, and perhaps he might not show his heart as readily to a woman. I think he is a little suspicious of the sex, but he is noble enough to honor goodness when he meets with it."

"I have not been sufficiently noble to justify his appreciation then; a rather mortifying conclusion."

"You don't believe that. I can tell it by the compression of your lips, and the little shadow that comes in your eyes."

"Then my face has ceased to be mysterious?"

"I understand some of its moods. Shall I tell you how I came to love St. John?"

"Yes," I answered, diverted from the question I meant to ask.

"Of course you can imagine how I was indulged through my boyhood, especially after I became an only child. My father was very proud of me. At college he kept me liberally supplied with money, and I ran into many temptations, youth is so taken with the glitter of show and power. I liked to be admired and called a generous fellow, and that I did not plunge into absolute excesses was owing to the influence of my sweet mother. But, as you see, there was scarcely any restraint upon me. When I came home my father took me into his counting house. It was merely a nominal position, and I might have idled my time shamefully, but I took quite a fancy to business. I squandered enough as it was, frequenting theatres, billiard halls, club rooms and champagne suppers, and driving a fast horse. You cannot realize the power of such influences, and how they blunt the finer feelings. One becomes accustomed to hearing the names of women he had respected bandied about in toasts and idle jests; truth, affection and purity sneered at, and love perverted, bought and sold in market places, until one loses all faith in the holiness of human nature.

"After awhile I was dangerously ill with a fever. I had never been sick before, and in the long convalescence there was plenty of time for thought. I used to watch mother with her noiseless steps smoothing pillows, arranging flowers, interpreting the slightest glance, and ministering unto me with unwearied devotion. How poorly I had requited her love, and my father's unbounded confidence! I had wasted my energies in an idle, unprofitable life, and a weight like a mountain lay upon my heart. How could I escape walking in the old paths?

"St. John happening to have some business with father was at the house quite frequently, and we used to drive together. I suppose I must have moped and betrayed my want of spirits, for he took great pains to interest me. I found him so different from the men I had known, that at last I was won into betraying my secret uneasiness. A grand, rich nature, full of power, intellect and courage, living the great truths he teaches to others, and offering no draught, be it ever so unwelcome a tonic, that he is not willing to test himself."

"He doesn't impress me in that manner," I said. "I have seen him sneer and be very bitter over some things."

"He *is* intolerant of shams. Having seen much of the world, he can readily distinguish between the false and the true. And, though gentle, there is a rigid side to his character. No man is ever wholly developed until he comes to the grand passion of his life. I want to see St. John fairly in love with a woman worthy of the regard such a man can give."

"But your own story?"

"He persuaded mother to let him take me to Laurelwood. It was my first visit, and in the spring. The glory of the place touched me deeply. It seemed to me that field and wood were never so beautiful. Quivering lights and trooping shadows, a perfect splendor of life in the flowers that shook out clouds of incense as a morning hymn, birds whose soaring crescendo broke into a thousand wild, sweet echoes; skies fretted with silver bars at midday, and glowing with purple and golden sunsets at night. Everything was instinct with a sense of quick, vital freshness. Do you wonder that I found my soul? We used to have such long, delightful talks, and in the tender twilight he would play on the organ many of those ineffable harmonies of the old masters. It was being 'born again.' I came back to my mother, her child."

"And you discovered the true secret of life?" I said musingly. "Some souls have a more difficult search. It seems to me half the things in this world are at war with the other half. How is one to distinguish?"

"By being true to God and one's self. The way is not so hard, after all; but we are blind and dull, until some shock rouses us."

"It is more trying for a woman," I returned. "She is expected to pay some regard to the claims of society. I believe female reformers are at a discount."

"But patient, noble, high toned women never are."

We had reached the house by this time. The breezy autumn wind had inspirited me. I felt strong and glad in every pulse, and ready to begin anew.

"I never can tell you all the reasons why I love St. John," Philip said, in a softened tone. "A month ago I was thankful for the lesson I had learned in self-denial and true manliness. Life isn't always fair and smooth. There are thorns in nearly every path. Have I tired you with my confidences?"

"Oh no." I experienced a quick, joyous, friendly feeling toward him. It was the first rare emotion of my life.

Running up stairs eagerly, for we were a little late, I met Mr. St. John on the landing. A cool, quiet, polished gentleman; a picture there in the light, mellowed through the ground globe: Philip Westervelt's hero—a Sir Galahad.

"Truant," he exclaimed in a tone that influenced me curiously, "where have you been so long?"

"Walking with Mr. Westervelt and talking. He isn't bitter and cynical and unjust as you are."

Then I stood still, quite frightened. My thoughts had clothed themselves with words too soon.

"I am glad you have been well entertained," he returned coldly, allowing me to pass without further comment.

What a bright, glowing face I saw in the glass. It *was* beautiful, and I could not help feeling glad. I had a presentiment that there were people in the world who could appreciate me, be patient with my faults, strengthen my earnest desire for what was best and highest in life, and help me to mould my character into that symmetry so much to be desired, where soul and body should not war with one another, but become an harmonious whole.

I was a little nervous as I went down to dinner, but Mr. St. John's face wore its usual serene expression. He never betrays any feeling to me.

CHAPTER VI.

This is the excellent foppery of the world.
—Hamlet.

We saw Laura Hastings frequently, and I was surprised at the readiness with which she adapted herself to any position. The girl was a born actress. It was a mystery to me how she could appear so completely at home in any kind of mental garb that she chose to clothe herself with.

Mrs. Hastings smiled very complacently upon her child. Their rooms were generally thronged of an evening, and Laura queened it royally. I began to think Mrs. Hastings fully as good a manager as Mrs. Lawrence; and though they were not really wealthy, everything was carried on with an air of elegance.

I called one day, with Mrs. Westervelt, when Laura insisted I should remain to lunch, and carried me off to her room.

"My dear," she said, "I've been wild to see you all the morning. "I had a most magnificent present last night, which I am sure you can appreciate," and opening a casket, she displayed a pair of emerald bracelets of rare and exquisite workmanship. They seemed to make a glitter of sunlight in the small apartment.

"I leave you to guess the donor."

"Mr. Varick, I suppose. Such gifts must be measured by the length of one's purse."

"Are they not splendid? You can have every lovely thing you want, but to me they are perfect treasures. And with them a card for Mrs. Thurston's ball. She is his only sister, and immensely aristocratic. I fancy it was a *special* permit.

"In what manner?"

"Oh, we plebeians haven't the entree of that golden circle by right. Mamma was hugely astonished. Of course you know what it means?"

"Not an engagement?"

"The next thing to it. We haven't progressed that rapidly. Indeed, I'm sorry it's coming quite so soon."

"Do you really mean to accept him?"

"Oh, I shall accept of course. Mamma would feel tempted to sew me up in a sack and drop me in the Hudson if I didn't. And I must be married by next summer."

"What's the urgent necessity? You will not be ancient by that time."

"But I have a handsome sister who is to be introduced. We are too nearly of an age for comfort."

"I should think a sister would be a pleasant companion."

"Obtuse mortal. If the sister is handsome, she will rival you; if plain, she will envy you and be spiteful. Gertrude is a brilliant brunette, with great lustrous eyes and rich crimson cheeks, dashing, piquant and glowing, just the kind of woman that men go wild over. Mamma predicts wonderful things for her; so you see after this winter, my reign will be at an end. I could comfort myself with the pleasure of seeing her married first, and perhaps pick up some of her old lovers."

"After she was married, you could re-assert your sway."

"And be merely a side ornament in fashion's drawing-room, holding a candle that my sister may see the better to put on airs and patronize me. Oh, I know the world to the last chapter, and no younger sister marries before me."

"You do not take a very amiable view," I said.

"And you cannot realize my situation. Mamma will expect me to make my old finery do next summer, and spend everything upon Gertrude. I shall look faded, passee, and very likely be ill-natured. People will wonder why I didn't marry, and try to make me out half a dozen years older than I am. The world is a good enough slave, but a hard master."

"The other would be galling slavery to me."

"We are altogether different, my dear. A comfortable husband and a luxurious life are my ambition."

"But he is so much older—rather stiff and formal, it seems to me."

"I'd like to have him younger; but it will not do to let the chance go by. So I shall accept him; and if something better offers, I shall do the pathetic in a graceful fashion."

"How heartless you are, Laura!" I could not forbear saying.

She laughed.

"It doesn't pay to be sentimental. I am determined to make a good match; but if anything better than this offers, I shall surely take it."

"And circumstances only will keep you from trifling with Mr. Varick. I think he has *some* regard for you."

"Don't look so horrified. I shall manage it admirably. A charmingly frank confession in which I shall bewail my mistake amid tears and blushes, and appeal to his magnanimous heart. There's nothing like flattering men a little; they all have a weak spot. The secret of being fascinating is only keeping people pleased with themselves. When you rub them up the wrong way, it makes their eye-sight ever so much keener, and they are able to detect every flaw in you."

"But think of the home hallowed by no affection!"

"It will be rendered brilliant by money, nevertheless. I should soon tire of the humdrum existence you worship. Goodness is invariably stupid; and love becomes in time a bore. If I was insane enough to marry some one who insisted upon my gracing the domestic fireside, and thought holding my hand and reading poetry sufficient compensation, I should elope with the first dashing fellow who presented himself."

"And you suppose no such temptation will occur to Mrs. Varick?"

"My dear, I have a great regard for the proprieties of life. I shall have an elegant house, an indulgent husband, and hosts of company. I can invite Gertrude to my parties, drive her out in my carriage, share honors with her next summer at Newport; so I fancy my time will be sufficiently occupied. I may do a little flirting on the sly, but it will be of the most harmless kind."

"And after you have gone through with the round of pleasures?"

"I'll go over them again, of course."

"The life looks bald and heartless, and uninviting to me," I said.

"Sydnie," she began, suddenly, "why don't you take Phil? He is one of the good fireside kind."

I colored with conscious shame; for somehow I could not bring myself to discuss my preferences in this flippant manner.

"Confess!" She knelt before me, and looked steadily into my face.

"There is nothing to confess. We are simply friends. If you need any further assurance, I *like* him very much."

"I absolutely despair of you. What do you intend to do with yourself?"

"I may find some place and employment."

"I will read your fortune. You are starting out with impossible theories, which men will tolerate now because you are young, handsome, and rich. But when you begin to fade, grow disappointed in the failure of your fine ideas, and possibly a little sharp in temper, you'll marry like the rest of us. Wouldn't it be grand to meet in about ten years and compare notes?"

The bell rang for lunch, and we went downstairs. A friend of Mrs. Hastings had come in, and Mrs. Thurston's ball was the great topic of discussion. Mrs. Hastings talked of their invitation with most aristocratic nonchalance; but she was too well bred to hint at Laura's prospects, though I could not help but feel that they were both secretly elated.

After that we went down Broadway. When we parted she gave a dainty little nod of her head.

"I shall be sure to see you after I have distracted every one with my emeralds and my rich lover," were her parting words.

I walked slowly to Madison Square, wondering what changes ten years would bring about. How strange it seemed to stand upon the threshold of life with so many pleasant things about one! I could afford to wait to marry for love if I chose. But *would* I ever find the ideal affection that lighted up the visions of my brain?

I was expatiating on the richness and beauty of Laura's bracelets the next morning as we three ladies lingered over the breakfast table. Going to the library Philip met me with a question in his eyes that made me smile.

"Don't be vexed," he began deprecatingly. "I heard part of your story. Do you know who gave Laura those emeralds?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Was it a Mr. Varick?"

"Why do you think so?" I was in no hurry to betray the secret.

"I saw him in Ball & Black's, purchasing just such a set, and he left an order for them to be marked and sent to his residence. I heard he had taken Laura out driving several times."

"He was the donor. They are to wear at his sister's ball."

"A man like Mr. Varick doesn't go so far unless he is in earnest, and Mrs. Hastings is too much a woman of the world to let such an opportunity go by unimproved. Poor Laura will be relentlessly sacrificed. Why do you smile?"

"I was thinking that Laura might feel quite comfortable about it."

"She cannot. I have known her from a child. Her training has not been of the highest order, but she is capable of enjoying a better life than that will be. Why Mr. Varick must be nearly fifty, pompous, and I was going to say soul-less. If left to herself she would be immeasurably above such traffic."

She had succeeded in deceiving Philip as to her real character. Indeed, what *was* real about her?

"I fancy she will be comparatively as happy as Mrs. Varick," I said.

"Happy! The word is a mockery in that connection. I could forgive a girl who married for the sake of saving her family from want, but even then it would be a miserable farce. Laura is young, and has not the shadow of an excuse. Yet I can see how her mother will persuade, and get her entangled before she is hardly aware of it. Does every door turn only with a golden key?"

"I hope not," I said.

"I wonder what you will do?" Looking past me rather than at me.

"Believe in all sorts of obsolete goodness, and spend my days hunting the impossible."

"It is *not* impossible, and for a woman to lose her faith in love seems monstrous. Poor Laura. You are her friend, why do you not try to incline her to better things?"

"I am afraid I should make a poor missionary."

"They are best who hold the faith firmly," and he smiled.

I felt it would be dishonorable to portr Laura as I knew her, and was silent. S spoke the truth when she said it was as w to affect virtues as to possess them. H few people could penetrate the veil unl brought into most intimate contact! An believe in her way Laura was happy.

She went to the ball and was enthusias over Mrs. Thurston's style and elegan Shortly after we heard a rumor of the e gagement, which Mrs. Westervelt cont dicted out of pure generosity, and the n time Laura called, asked her what co have given rise to such an absurd story.

Laura looked up with charming naiv and declared the report true.

"My dear child—to throw yourself aw in the very bloom of youth!" and Mrs. W tervelt's face expressed all the astonishme and disapproval of which it was capable.

"I am aware that I shall be misund stood," and Laura made her voice soft a touching, while her eyes drooped a little trick in which she was well versed; "I Mr. Varick has proved himself a kind a generous man, not incapable of winning woman's regard. I liked him at Newpo and since then, when I have seen him contrast with too many of the vapid a conceited coxcombs that frequent society have been led to pay him a higher resp than before. I rate good sterling sense a a mature mind higher than a mere pleas exterior."

"If you can be happy," Mrs. Wester said doubtfully.

"I think I shall, and not only that, render him happy, also. That will be highest study," and she blushed most comingly. I confess I felt positively ind nant.

"Didn't I go through with it capitally she whispered in the hall. "I like to k in Mamma Westervelt's good graces. I pend upon you not to repeat my i gossip."

"It was shameful!" I said. "I absolut blushed for you."

"Your virtue is altogether too viole You must train it to a more high-bred grance. Mamma is up to the seventh hea of bliss. Mr. Varick proves a warmer lo than I supposed, and thinks a three-mont engagement long enough. So I suppos must resign myself to my fate, but I m to go to Europe as a reward."

I brushed her kiss off of my lips i strange heat of passion. It was seldom t she offered such a caress, and I knew must be in a charmingly complacent mo

That evening we were gathered aro the grate, for the nights had grown ch There being no visitors, Mrs. Lawrence yielded to a headache and gone to her room. Mr. St. John had been reading f... a new volume of poems, but presently closed his book, and we fell into a desultory conversation.

Mrs. Westervelt spoke of Laura. My friendship, for all it was but a name, kept me silent. Mr. St. John made some generous excuses for her in her training and home influence.

"What a pity," Philip said sadly, "that marriage, the noblest and sweetest boon to humanity, should be perverted to unhallowed uses, degraded into mere barter for station and wealth. It gives faith a cruel wound. How can one make advances in the higher principles of life when the heart is fed upon husks!"

"Yet how little of the better aliment we find! Marriages are rare where hearts are united for a lifetime," Mr. St. John returned.

"If united at all, it must be for a lifetime."

"I don't know," and his voice fell a trifle, while a shady look came into his eyes. "I have seen love last for years and then perish miserably."

"It was not love. St. John, your faith is perfect everywhere, except upon this point. I wish you knew. Love comes with truth in her heart and constancy in every pulse to sit down an everlasting guest in the hearts of those who truly welcome her. If there are sorrows and storms, she spreads her wings for an ark of shelter; if toil and care, she lightens it with her blessed smile. No room for regrets or jealousies, for both are true in deed and thought; no coldness, for she stands between them and the frosts of time. Year by year they grow into perfect accord, bringing heaven nearer with every dawn. Can such love ever fail?"

"You are right. This is love in its highest purity. God help us all to find it."

Philip sighed softly, and we all lapsed into silence. In the shade stealing over his face there was something that made one sad to see, a hope missed or perhaps dropped out of life. It startled me for a moment.

And then I wondered if I should ever find such a star to light me on my way. Existence would be bare and bleak without it. I was capable of loving with passionate intensity, and yet standing here upon the shore I trembled with nameless apprehension. What if I should wreck this precious barque! There were so many fogulphing tides and quicksands. I longed to dare its mystery, and yet shrank from that fateful time.

Our stay had been prolonged on account of the opera, which had been unusually fine. It was mid-October before a day for our return was appointed.

I had grown warmly attached to the Westervelts. Between Philip and myself there existed a warm regard, too generous for love, and yet singularly comprehensive. I had a faint misgiving that his mother expected it to ripen into the rare bloom of that passion, and Mrs. Lawrence smiled an unqualified approval.

I had a fancy too that another watched. Was it for his sake? That thought annoyed me. Did Mr. St. John fancy that I should take pleasure in idly coquetting with such a heart, or did he believe me not worthy of so high a regard?

I had been lingering in the library a long while with Philip one afternoon, and fallen into a pleasant reverie, when a light step brought me back to reality. Or rather the peculiar presence which I felt with a vivid presentiment. I turned and our eyes met. Mr. St. John crossed the room and stood beside me.

"Well?" I said at length, wishing to break the powerful spell.

"Would one dare to be friends with you?" It was uttered in a low tone, and did impress me singularly.

"And it a difficult

And they said, "Oh, Tennyson, ten us,
Have you anything good to sell us?
The public mind it enrages,
To read such bosh by pages,
'The Victim' was little better,
And oh! that 'Spiteful Letter.'"
They spoke, their poor hair tearing,
Tennyson's poems rehearsing,
Publishers cursing and swearing,
Tennyson swearing and cursing.

☞ UNBOLTED FLOUR.—Few of our readers are aware of the extent to which ment loses it nutritive qualities by the ordinary processes employed to render it white and light. With every increasing degree of fineness or whiteness, something more is lost, until what are called the best family flours consist of little more than pure starch. After the removal of the thin outer husk of the grain (amounting to about five per cent.) which resembles fine straw, and is of no value for food, what is left is in exactly the proper proportion for nutriment. It, however, as is frequently the case, twenty per cent. of the hull is taken away, instead of eighty per cent. of nutriment left, we actually have not more than sixty or seventy.

☞ "Mother," said Ike Partington, "did you know that the iron horse has got but one ear?" "One ear! merciful gracious, child! what do you mean?" "Why, the engin-eer, to be sure."

☞ The prayer which Socrates taught his disciple Alcibiades deserves a place in the daily devotions of every Christian: "That he should beseech the Supreme God to give him what was good for him, though he should not ask it, and to withhold from him whatever would be hurtful, though he should be so foolish as to pray for it."

☞ There are sixty thousand Chinamen in California, but a drunken one is a rare sight.

☞ "Doctor," said a lovelorn miss "what will cure the *fever* of love?" "The *chill* of wedlock," tartly replied the cruel disciple of Esculapius.

☞ A publisher of a newspaper out West, in the first issue of his journal, returns thanks to those who loaned him the pecuniary means, and gratitude to heaven that there is no law in the state enforcing imprisonment for debt.

☞ The Prince of Wales is heavily bearded. Therefore the British lion is finally bearded in his den.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—In order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$8.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12.00**. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00**. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Wheeler & Wilson's No. 2 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium list, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get a large Premium Steel Engraving.

Address
HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

The Death Shadow of The Poplars.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of this interesting story.

SYDNIE ADRIANCE;

OR, TRYING THE WORLD.

We began in THE POST of April 4th, the above novelet by Miss Douglas.

It is the story of a young girl's adventures in "trying the world," and we think will be perused with a great deal of interest.

It will probably run through from fifteen to twenty numbers of THE POST.

THE INCOME TAX.

Mr. W. O. Bartlett, a distinguished lawyer of New York City, has published an argument to prove that the Income Tax is unconstitutional.

Mr. Bartlett quotes the two following clauses of the Constitution of the United States as decisive of this question:—

"Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union, *according to their respective numbers.*"

"No capitation or other direct tax shall be laid, *unless in proportion to the census or enumeration hereinbefore directed to be taken.*"

That the income tax is a "direct tax," would seem to be a fact almost so plain as not to need any proof or argument. And how the positive language of the Constitution relative to the apportionment of such a tax could have been neglected, is only to be accounted for by the perilous and confused condition of the country during the civil war. Now however that peace is restored, a strict compliance with the language of the Constitution should be insisted upon. If the Income Tax as at present laid is unconstitutional, it is another reason in addition to its oppressive and inquisitorial character why it should be abolished.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.—In answer to "Progress" we would say that we do not know what the Saviour meant when he said that blasphemy against the Holy Ghost should not be forgiven in this world or in the world to come, unless He meant precisely and literally what the words imply. Commentators, we believe, are by no means certain as to the meaning of the passage. The safe course is to abstain from all kinds of blasphemy.

ALIASKA.—The name of the new purchase from Russia, (according to Lippincott's Gazetteer,) is not Alaska, but Alinaska, pronounced Al-yas'-ka.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. By CHARLES DICKENS. Cheap Edition. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

THE MASTERY SERIES. The Handbook—and French and German. By THOMAS PRENDERGAST, author of "The Mastery of Languages," &c. Mr. Prendergast's idea is that languages should be acquired by adults in the same way that they are acquired by children. The memory is mainly to be depended upon, and the lessons are to be frequent, but very short—not longer than ten minutes at a time. We have not space to detail his system, but we call the attention of our readers to it, as one that well deserves the attention of all who desire to acquire a foreign language. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

DAVID, THE KING OF ISRAEL. A Portrait drawn from Bible History and the Book of Psalms. By F. W. KRUMMACHER, D. D., author of "Elijah the Tishbite," &c. Translated by Rev. M. G. EASTON, M. A. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

THE MEXICAN; OR, LOVE AND LAND. Founded on the Invasion of Maximilian. By JOHN M. DAGNALL, author of "Daisy Swain." Published by the American News Company, 121 Nassau street, New York.

HARPER'S PHRASE BOOK—ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN AND ITALIAN. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. This is a Hand-Book of Travel Talk for Travellers and Schools. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION. We have here numbers 25, 26, 27 and 28 of this handsome serial history—profusely illustrated. The entire work will be completed in from 30 to 35 numbers. Price 30 cents a number. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

CHARLOTTE'S INHERITANCE. A Novel. By M. E. BRADDON, author of "Birds of Prey," &c. A Sequel to "Birds of Prey." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

THE IMPEACHMENT MANAGERS. A well executed Photograph of the Seven Managers of the Impeachment of Andrew Johnson, has been published by Brady & Co., of Washington. Mr. E. L. Townsend is the General Agent.

OAK HALL.

In the old times, the Ready Made Clothing Store was not a place that a gentleman would be apt to enter to procure his clothing. It was generally a small, dingy looking affair, with a suspicious look about the whole establishment. The garments to be procured at such a place, were more apt to be low-priced than really cheap; for as to the fit, they looked as if they had been made for bags; and as for wear, it was not in them. So jokers called the ready-made clothing store, the "Slop" Shop, and people in want of good articles gave it a wide berth.

But "we have altered all that" now-a-days. Who, for instance, entering the capacious store of Messrs. Wanamaker & Brown, which they have named "OAK HALL," would dream of connecting it with anything of an inferior character? You have only to look at the large number of clerks and salesmen, the huge piles of coats and vests and pantaloons, and the crowds of customers who come flocking in, to assure you that not only a large business is being done, but that the purchasing public are well satisfied that they are getting the worth of their money.

We speak from some degree of personal experience when we say that Wanamaker & Brown can furnish articles of excellent quality and fit, at very moderate prices. They do customers' work, of course, for those who want it; but we have never found any difficulty in getting articles that fit us to our full satisfaction at once from off their counters. And to persons who dislike the labor of purchasing clothes as much as we do, this ability to suit yourself in a few minutes, is no small advantage.

In conclusion we advise our readers to give "OAK HALL" a trial. And we shall be very much mistaken, if they do not thank us afterwards for calling their attention to this large and well-managed establishment.

Amusing Case of Forgery.

A correspondent writes: "I am reminded by one of your articles of a true and rather curious banking anecdote, which bears on the question of innocent forgeries. Mr. Argent was manager of one of the branches of a West County Bank, and was duly attending to his business, when there came to him two farmers,—neighbors,—one a customer of the bank. 'Mr. Argent,' says the customer, whom I shall call Jones, 'when is that bill of mine on Smith due?' (His companion was the Smith in question). 'I will see,' says the manager; and then in a little while, 'It will fall due the day after to-morrow.' 'Oh, then,' says Jones, 'I will pay it now.' 'But,' says Smith, 'I haven't put my name to any bill.' 'All right,' says Jones: 'Mr. Argent told me when I asked him to lend me the money, that he must have another good name to the bill; *so I put yours.*' 'Oh,' says Smith, 'that's all right then'—and the two friends walked off, arm-in-arm, after the bill was paid, apparently quite unconscious that there was anything wrong in the transaction, and leaving the manager in a state of mind which may be more easily imagined than described."—*English Periodical.*

FALSIFICATON OF PORT WINE.—A letter from the English Secretary of Legation in Portugal, states that for a hundred years not a single drop of pure Port wine has been sent to London, the compound kept in the London docks being fabricated in the following manner. The first grapes of the season are macerated in a vat with elderberries, the juice from which imparts a dark red color to the wine thus made. To this is then added brandy enough to give body and strength. Large numbers of casks of this kind of wine, on their arrival in the London docks, are emptied into great vats, when the whole quantity is again treated with brandy, burnt sugar and other ingredients, according to the prevailing taste for "pure London Dock Port." We have the authority of a British Parliamentary report for this statement.

☞ Suppose a man owns a skiff; he fastens the skiff to the shore with a rope made of straw; along comes a cow; cow gets into the boat; turns around and eats the rope; the skiff thus let loose, with the cow on board, starts down stream, and on its passage is upset; the cow is drowned. Now, has the man that owns the cow got to pay for the boat, or the man that owns the boat got to pay for the cow?

☞ A countryman lately visiting Music Hall, in Boston, was somewhat interested in the counterpart of Beethoven that stands before the organ, and eventually inquired: "Is that statoo gilt?" "No, sir; bronze," was the response. "Brunze, hey! Must cost considerable. Who is the statoo of?" "Beethoven," said the gentleman, beginning to be amused. "B. Toven, hey!" and then, reflectively, with the impression of the statue of B. Franklin fresh in his mind, inquired, "Was he a Bosting man?"

☞ The song "Tramp, tramp, tramp," was composed by a prisoner confined in the Iowa Penitentiary, and was first written on the walls of his cell with charcoal. It has netted the publishers thousands of dollars, but not a cent to the writer.

☞ The Emperor Napoleon makes a note of every thing he wishes to remember in his memorandum book. As soon as he has filled up a page of it he tears it out, reads it over, and then he tears it to pieces. He says he never forgot anything noted down and read over in this manner.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE IMPEACHMENT.—The defence opened their case on Friday, with a speech from Mr. Curtis.

CONNECTICUT.—The Connecticut election resulted in the success of the Democrats, by a majority of 1,781—a gain of 700 since last year.

The Legislature has a Republican majority, which insures the election of a Republican United States Senator as the successor of James Dixon, Conservative, whose term expires on March 4th, 1869.

MICHIGAN.—In Michigan, the New State Constitution was defeated, on account of the provision it contained for negro suffrage. The majority against the Constitution is variously stated from 8,000 to 15,000. At the last election, in 1867, the Republicans carried the State by 24,684 majority.

THE "KU KLUX KLAN."—General Meade, in Georgia, and General Shepherd, in Alabama, have issued orders directing the suppression of the "Ku Klux Klan," and forbidding the publication of matters relating to the organization.

SERGEANT BATES.—Sergeant Bates, who is carrying the Union flag through the South, arrived at Richmond, Virginia, on the 8th.

MURDER OF THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.—Thomas D'Arcy McGee was shot dead by an unknown assassin, at the door of his house, in Ottawa, Canada, at half-past two o'clock on Tuesday morning, the 7th inst. McGee had just left the Parliament House. There is great excitement in Canada over the assassination, and threats of retaliation are made against the Fenians, who are accused of complicity in the crime. Two men, named Whelan and Doyle, have been arrested at Ottawa on suspicion of complicity in the murder.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Irish Bishops urge the sacrifice of one-half of the Church Revenue in Ireland, in order to save the other half; and to this effect they have addressed Disraeli.

FRANCE.—The French troops have been ordered to evacuate Rome.

GERMANY.—It is estimated that 7,000 emigrants left Germany last week for American States.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.—Sir Roderick Murchison has received a letter from Dr. Livingstone, which came via Zanzibar. He writes that he is in good health. His exploration has been successful, and he will soon return to England.

TERRIBLE.—The steamer Sea Bird was burned on Lake Michigan, about thirty miles from Chicago, on the 9th, and one hundred lives were lost. Only two of the persons on board were saved.

The Rule of the Rascals.

In these latter days it appears to make very little difference, as regards the success of political adventurers, what the form of government in any country may be. Whether it is autocratic, aristocratic or democratic, the rascals seem almost invariably to rise to the highest positions. Unincumbered with the weight of principles, and unembarrassed by inconvenient scruples, they adapt themselves to circumstances and by constantly and exclusively studying the greatest good of the greatest number—number one—acquire a degree of power and influence that seldom falls to the lot of more honest and less selfish men.

The Emperor Napoleon is generally acknowledged to be the most accomplished villain of the age, as well as the first monarch of his time, but his claims to the former distinction might very well be contested by the Count Von Bismarck. No mean rival to either of this illustrious twain is the new English premier, of whom Mr. Carlyle says "that on the whole, he is the fittest man for the place, because he is the honestest. He is a scoundrel, it is true, but he never pretended to be anything else." Add to this the testimony of Goldwin Smith, to the effect that Disraeli's "triumph is a triumph over public morality and over the self-respect of the nation," and it must be confessed that the minister whom two men of unquestioned integrity, as far asunder on every other subject as the poles, unite in reviling, is beyond all doubt a very pretty rascal.

It is not worth while to inquire into the character of other leading European statesmen. It is sufficient to know what the controlling minds of France, Prussia and England are, to establish the fact that rascality is in the ascendancy in the government of the Old World.

As to this country, we need only say that the rascals in both parties seem to be uppermost—and what with their whiskey rings, and legislative rings, have it all their own way. And so long as men will support a rogue who has been nominated by their own party, in preference to an honest man nominated by their opponents, this will continue to be the case.

☞ EARLY RESPONSIBILITY.—Now, early responsibility is almost equivalent to early sobriety. If a stick of timber standing upright wavers, lay a beam on it, and put a weight on that, and see how stiff the stick becomes. And if young men waver and vacillate, put responsibility on them, and how it straightens them up! What power it gives them! How it holds all that is bad in them in restraint! How quietly it develops and puts forward all that is good in them.

☞ A boy in a confectionary store at Mound City consumed four pounds of gum drops, amounting to half a gallon in bulk. His life was only saved by the promptest administration of decisive remedies.

☞ A certain young Methodist who felt that he had a call to preach, was somewhat taken aback by the question of an elder, who asked him: "Hast thou noticed whether people seem to have a call to hear thee?"

☞ No familiar line is so often misquoted as the 178d of Goldsmith's "Traveller," which reads; "But winter lingering chills the lap of May."

☞ In Mound City, Ill., not long ago, a loving couple were married in a stable, for want of more appropriate quarters. Whatever the bride may have thought of such accommodations, the *groom* ought to have felt at home.

The Young Wife's Secret.

"Now, Eliza, after such a delightful wedding holiday as we have had, would it not be a good time to tell me your secret?"

A young and happy-looking couple were seated at breakfast, on the morning after their short honeymoon trip, when this question was asked.

"A better time, dear James, could not be chosen, but would you really like to hear it now?"

"Why not? The sooner we begin to act upon it the better."

"That is true, James, but would you not prefer to find it out for yourself?"

"Oh, I have been trying to guess ever since you first told me of it. Perhaps, Eliza, it is no secret after all?"

"I assure you that it is; and a most valuable one, too."

"Is it much known?"

"Well, dear, I can hardly say; but judging from appearances, I should think not."

"How came you to know it?"

"I learnt it from my mother; she often told me that all her happiness was owing to it. Were she alive now she would witness its effect to us."

"You quite puzzle me, Eliza: it must be something extraordinary if, as you say, it prevents man and wife ever having a second quarrel. You may as well tell me at once."

"I am quite ready to tell you, James; but I am sure that your pleasure will be greater in finding it out yourself. Fortune favors the persevering."

"Ah, I know now; you mean that we are to count a hundred; or fill our mouth with water; or twirl a chain; or some such way of getting cool when we happen to get angry."

"No, James, none of these: it is much more certain, and attended with better effects."

"Perhaps you mean that we should shut ourselves up in different rooms, or not speak to one another for a week?"

"No, dear James, nothing so cruel as that. Heaven forbid that we should ever be driven to such extremities. By persevering in my secret, we shall always love one another as truly as we do now. Our trust in one another will increase; and the longer we live the happier we shall be. You will very likely say that it is no secret after all, now that I tell you:—the surest way to avoid a second quarrel is never to have a *first!*"

"Capital!" exclaimed James, laughing; "I will stick to that with all my heart." He would have liked to prolong the conversation, but the wedding holiday was over, and he wished to be punctual at work. So taking up his hat, he imprinted a good-by kiss on his wife's rosy lips, resolving, as he went out, to put her secret into practice.

Test Your Kerosene.

In view of the many lamp explosions, resulting almost invariably from the use of bad kerosene, we urge upon the heads of families the importance of testing their oil before use in the lamp. This may be readily done by any man, woman or child, by means of a thermometer, a little warm water and a tablespoonful of oil. Fill the cup with warm water, the temperature of which is to be brought to 110 degrees Farenheit. Pour the oil on the water; apply flame to the floating oil by match or otherwise. If the oil is unsafe it will take fire, and its use in the lamp is dangerous, for it is liable to explode. But if the oil is safe and good, it will not take fire. All persons who sell kerosene that will not stand the fire test at 110 degrees are liable to prosecution.—*Scientific American.*

THE LATEST FREAK OF FEMALE FASHIONS has not yet made its appearance in our streets, but we presume we shall not have to wait for it very long. It is the revival of the old-fashioned hoops, or, as the French call them, panniers or baskets, which were first in vogue in France a hundred and thirty years ago, and were afterward a favorite article of dress with the beautiful Marie Antoinette and her ladies just before the revolution of 1789. They consist simply of a circular frame-work of whalebone, or other suitable material, fastened around the person beneath the waist and above the hips, extending equally in every direction, and producing an extraordinary enlargement and rotundity of the figure. When the fashion was at its extreme, the rule was that the diameter of the pannier should be equal to the height of the wearer; but this extravagance was adopted only by the more ultra and dashing among the ladies of the time.

The introduction of this mode at the present day is the work of the Empress Eugenie, who seems to exercise a more despotic sway over the women of the civilized world than her stern and unscrupulous husband has ever been able to wield over the French nation. As yet, she has been followed in this last innovation only by the ladies of Paris; but the rest of woman-kind are sure to hasten to imitate their example. According to a statement in the correspondence of that trustworthy authority concerning fashion, the Journal of Commerce, the whole fashionable world of that city has been quick to put on panniers, although to many they are anything but becoming. "Not only the young and the sylph-like," says the writer, "but the midle aged and the stout sport panniers; the latter rendering themselves absolutely ridiculous in a costume which requires to be worn with all the grace and ease for which her Majesty is so distinguished to render it presentable." This reminds us of the introduction of crinoline by the same imperial dictatrix. At first that novelty made all women appear very strange, and some supremely ugly; but by degrees we became used to it, and now there are those who think the fashion beautiful; and so, we dare say, it will be with the panniers. We live and learn.—*N. Y. Sun.*

☞ Zoroaster, it is said, though the most profound philosopher of his time theoretically, was easily put out of temper. He once carried his irritability so far as to break a marble table to pieces with a hammer because he chanced to stumble over it in the dark.

☞ Kissing a factory girl may be called a "mill pulvilege," particularly if there be a high waterfall on the premises.

☞ A skillful pickpocket always takes things easy.

Relative to Rock Me to Sleep.

Mark Twain enters the Ball, Akers and Florence Percy controversy about the authorship of "Rock Me to Sleep," and demolishes Mr. Ball, the noisiest competitor, in the following measured strain:—"Backward, speed backward, oh, Ball, in your flight! Make not an ass of yourself—(just for to-night;) pull the few silver threads out of your hair, fill up and varnish those furrows of care—care that was born of attempting Fame's steep, which you couldn't climb, Ball, whom none rocked to sleep. Oh, Bally, come back from the echoing shore! Cease for a season the public to bore, with your infamous rhymes and your stupid complaint, for you know you are claiming to be what you ain't. Oh, drivel no more—don't snuffle, don't weep—hang up your lyre, Ball—I'll rock you to sleep."

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.—During eleven Presidential campaigns there have been candidates in whose names a capital "C" occurred, none of whom were elected, namely: Charles C. Pinckney, twice a candidate; George Clinton; De Witt Clinton; William H. Crawford; Henry Clay, three times a candidate; Lewis Cass; John C. Fremont; George B. McClellan. We have had seventeen Presidents, and only three of them had a middle name. The names of nine of them end with the letter n. Everybody whose name ends with the letter n, does not begin with C, and who has no middle name, may therefore expect to be President—if duly elected.

☞ Heine says we are indebted to the Jews for two great things—bills of exchange and Christianity.

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions,* PAIN, *from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-cow4

Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

The only RELIABLE REMEDY for those BROWN DISCOLORATIONS on the face is "*Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.*" Prepared only by DR. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond street, New York.

☞ Sold everywhere. ap11-6m

IT IS our own fault if we long remain martyrs to Neuralgia, Nerve-ache, or, in fact, any nervous disease, when we have a certain and permanent remedy in DR. TURNER'S TIC DOULOUREUX OR UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL. This medicine acts upon the *nerve fluid* and promotes it to a healthy state. Apothecaries have it. Principal Depot 120 *Tremont St., Boston, Mass.* Price $1 per package; by mail, two postage stamps extra.

Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, Agents, Philadelphia, Pa.

WHEN you are depressed by the gaunt, sickly feeling of a disordered system, which needs to be cleansed and stimulated into healthy action, take a dose or two of AYER'S PILLS and see how quick you can be restored for a shilling. ap18-2t

ONE OUNCE OF GOLD will be given for every ounce of adulteration found in "B. T. Babbitt's Lion Coffee." This Coffee is roasted, ground and sealed "hermetically," under letters patent from the United States Government. All the "Aroma" is saved, and the Coffee presents a rich, glossy appearance. Every family should use it, as it is fifteen to twenty per cent. stronger than other pure "Coffee." One can in every twenty contains a One Dollar Greenback. For sale everywhere. Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia. feb22-1y

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—The first cures old sores and ulcers after every other remedy has failed: while the second instils more strength and richness into the blood than a hundred times the same weight in food. Factory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. JOHN W. HOLEY to Miss KATE SWEET, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Thos. C. Murphy, Mr. EDWARD T. SHANTZ to Miss AMANDA, daughter of Milton White, Esq., both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Mr. Harris, Mr. EMANUEL C. WEISS to Miss ELLEN C. KEPPER, daughter of Saml. K. Kepper, both of Chestnut Hill.

On the 2d of April, 1868, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. RICHARD L. CRINAN, of Norristown, to Miss MARY J. JOULE, of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, JOHN S. WILKINSON, Esq., to Miss MINNIE T. HICKLE, both of Bucks county.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. THEODORE C. WOODWARD to Miss ANNA WALTON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name

On the 6th instant, THOMAS P. RIDGWAY, in his 68th year.

On the 6th instant, JAMES G. DOWEN, in his 45th year.

On the 5th instant, CARRIE M. DEACON, daughter of Geo. B. Deacon, of Burlington, N. J., in her 22d year.

On the 5th instant, WILLIAM M. NEISSER, in his 62d year.

On the 6th instant, Rev. JOHN ASHCRAFT, in his 77th year.

On the 4th instant, WILLIAM GARNER, Sr., formerly of Easttown, Chester county, in his 69th year.

On the 4th instant, CHARLES E. BECKER, in his 21st year.

On the 2d instant, JOSEPH BOCKIUS, in his 60th year.

On the 2d instant, BENJAMIN S. HUTCHINSON, aged 26 years.

MIDDLE AGE.

I.

Just a little dowly I sit alone to-night,
And see on the far horizon's verge the line
of pale gray light,
And hear the mystic music, the deep unceasing roar,
As the restless billows swell and break along the level shore.

II.

Just a little dowly—as I know the hill is turned,
And what of all the glorious things for which my spirit yearned,
While yet the eager footstop sprang along the upward way?—
My dreams lie shivered at my feet, and my hair is turning gray!

III.

Just a little dowly, fool that I am, e'en still!
Because all beauty as of yore my heart and eyes can fill;
Because the grandeur of the sea I prize as truly now
As when its breezes blew bright curls from an unwrinkled brow;

IV.

Because a high heroic act; because sweet poet-words,
Bright poet-fancies, echo yet back from my spirit-chords;
Because my love is warm and frank; because my pulses hold
Their whilome power—I half forget that I am growing old.

V.

Till, just a little sadly, some trifle brings it all
Sweeping across my sunshine, turning my wine to gall;
And anxious thoughts, and fearful doubts, and yearning sorrows come:
Ah, little fear that Time's stern voice should over-long be dumb!

VI.

Just a little dowly—ah, come my bonnie bairns;
Let Grief, and Loss, and Memory brood o'er their rising cairns!
Creep close to me, my maidens; laugh out, my noble boy!
God spare my flowers, and middle-age claims fearlessly her joy. S. R. P.

Mrs. Thompson's White Ware.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

Mrs. Thompson stood by the kitchen table paring potatoes for dinner. Something was evidently wrong with the little lady, for there was an unmistakable air of "spite" in the way she tossed the potatoes into the pan of cool spring water, waiting there to receive them. It was a sultry July day, and through the open window came the sound of mowers whetting their scythes, blended with the call of the robin, and the faint notes of the cuckoo in the shaded wood. But it only irritated Mrs. Thompson—indeed everything irritated her that day. Looking out from the back door, one saw a lovely landscape, with broad reaches of meadow-land, fringed with graceful belts of birch; and softly rounded mountains lifting their velvety foreheads to the white, fleecy clouds, that went slowly sailing across the exquisite ether, like huge drifts of thistle-down. But this also irritated her; everything could be beautiful save *her* life, and that was cold, and rude, and barren.

But to begin at the beginning; Jane Lawrence had been an unusually romantic girl. She had always fancied she would marry some famous artist or scholar, who would take her to Rome, and Venice, where she would live in a perpetual dream of beauty. She so loved beautiful things! Perhaps all women do, and perhaps that is the reason so many barter love for gold.

But, contrary to all her preconceived notions, she married Robert Thompson, a plain, practical farmer; and instead of Italy, she went to live at the old homestead, which had been the abode of the Thompsons for generations. And instead of lounging in elegant studios, or gliding down storied rivers in picturesque gondolas, she made butter and cheese, and raised poultry, and cooked dinners in the long, low-ceiled kitchen, for three or four great, brown-handed, ravenous men. Quite a contrast, you will admit.

If she could have had things a little different, she wouldn't have minded the work so much. If she could have had soft carpets, and tasteful furniture, and books, and pictures, and flowers. To be sure, she had a little strip under the south windows, where a sweet-brier grew, and pinks, sweet-williams, and marigolds blossomed in their season. But they were so old-fashioned; and she pined for the rare and elegant plants she had seen in conservatories and public gardens. But Robert Thompson would as soon have thought of buying the moon, as such useless things as flowers. And though his wife earned them a dozen times over, it never entered his heart that she did. Indeed, he considered it a very liberal thing when he gave (?) her twenty-five dollars fall and spring, to buy her clothing, and wondered vaguely where it all went to, and if she had not got some hoarded away somewhere.

As to books, there was the Family Bible, with the record of all the Thompsons for three generations. Then there was Fox's Book of Martyrs, and Pilgrim's Progress, and an English Reader, which her Thompson had when he was a boy, and went to school in the little red schoolhouse up on the "pine barrens." Besides, there was the Report of the Board of Education, Laws and Resolves, Patent Office Reports, and a pile of the Farmer's Almanac for twenty-five years, besides any number of documents upon the best and most improved breed of cattle, the theory of under-draining, rotation of crops, grass and forage culture, etc., etc.

What *could* any reasonable person ask for more than that? And as for pictures, there was "From the Cradle to the Grave," an allegorical picture, printed in colors, with a descriptive couplet attending each particular stage of the journey; a sampler which his mother had "worked at eleven years of age," and a *very* affecting scene illustrative of "The Lovers' Parting," wherein a very red-cheeked damsel in puffed sleeves, short waist and *very* low neck, dissolved in the arms of her departing swain.

Certainly Mrs. Robert Thompson must have been very hard to please. But the particular matter of grievance on this particular day was of quite another thing. The "Easterville Sewing Circle and Ladies' Benevolent Society" were to meet at the farm-house the next Friday, and Mrs. Thompson had set her heart on a new set of white ware for the occasion, and that morning had broached the subject to her husband.

"What's the matter with these dishes?" he asked, pointing to the "mulberry and white" plates, which Mrs. Thompson was washing.

"They are all out of date, to begin with; and half of them are cracked, or broken; besides, there isn't nowhere near enough to set the table."

"What's become of the china? Mother used *that* when *she* had company."

"It won't look well on the table, Robert, with this mulberry, all cracked up as it is."

"I guess the victuals will taste just as well out of 'em, anyway."

"But we really need the dishes, Robert. There has not been a dish bought since I came here, twelve years ago, and—"

"They'll do just as well for twelve years to come. You wouldn't have thought of it, if it hadn't been for the Sewing Circle. If they can't come and eat out of such dishes as we've got, they are welcome to stay away;" and he took down his hat to go back to his mowing.

There were tears in Mrs. Thompson's eyes, but she crowded them bravely back, and tried hard to steady the tremor in her voice, as she said, pleadingly:

"Please to give me the money to get them, Robert. Grover has got some real pretty ones—and cheap too; I can get all I shall need for four dollars."

"Well, I guess Grover'll keep 'em for all me. I've got no four dollars to spare," turning to go out. "By-the-way," looking back from the door, "Jones, and Lee, and Hubbard will be here to dinner, and perhaps to supper. We want to get all of the south meadow down to-day, if we can. Grass is stout this year, there's a third more than there was last. And oh, Hubbard wants six pounds of butter to-night—don't forget to have it ready;" and with these words he went out, leaving his wife to her long, weary day's work, darkened and made distasteful by her disappointment. She was both grieved and angry. It was a little thing, perhaps, but it is the little things of life that delight or annoy.

Life looked very bare and homely to Jane Thompson that summer day. With all her love of ease, and beauty, and symmetry, how rude, and coarse, and hard looked all her surroundings. It was only one long, monotonous round of homely toil, unrelieved by any of the little sweetnesses and graces that might make even toil pleasant. She did not often think of it; but she remembered that day, with the faintest little stir of regret, that she *might* have been far differently situated; and as she looked up to the pretty French cottage on the hill, embowered in a perfect forest of blossoming vines, and caught the cool gleam of urn and fountain, something very like a sigh trembled on her lips. "Squire Burnham's wife didn't have to *beg* for a paltry four dollars, that she might be able to set a table decently," she thought, bitterly.

And then, as one does when they feel aggrieved, she remembered a score of other things, equally needful, and equally within their means—for Robert Thompson was not a poor man by any means—which had been as churlishly refused. There was the parlor carpet, it was half cotton, and faded and threadbare at that; and the paper had been on ever since she was a child, and was stained where it had leaked down last winter, and yet Robert said it "was well enough for what little they used it," and absolutely refused to get either. And so of score of other things which she remembered that morning as she toiled through all the long, sultry forenoon, with an aching head and discouraged heart.

What did it matter to her if the grass *was* heavy, and butter up to forty cents a pound? It only brought her more and harder work, and no recompense save her bare board and clothing. She could earn more than that in any other man's house.

"Well, she had no business to marry Robert Thompson," she said, moodily to herself, her slender wrists aching from beating over the butter for "Hubbard," "everybody always said he was close and shrewd, and prophesied that he would be rich, some day—what did she care for riches, if they didn't do her any good—didn't make her life any fairer or softer? She was not fitted to be a farmer's wife—and yet she *had* loved Robert Thompson!" She said this half-savagely, as if she was disgusted and angry with herself for it.

And yet Robert Thompson was not an unkind man—only thoughtless. He was a type of a very large class of men—more especially farmers—who do not feel, in themselves, the need which a woman's more æsthetic nature demands. Absorbed in his stock, his crops and his politics, he did not realize that his wife needed, and had a right to, a few of the things that, with her peculiar organism, were as much a need of her being as the food she ate.

And so, as the years ran on, they grew further and further apart; he getting more and more absorbed in gain, and growing more careless of looks and culture, and more thoughtless, and less tender in regard to his wife's tastes, or toils, while she grew bitter, and despondent, and irritable.

Robert Thompson was, beside, a little inclined to fault-finding, and not being at all of a sensitive temperament himself, he did not realize how keenly he wounded his wife; and when, sometimes, she gave back a bitter retort, he wondered what it was that had soured her disposition so, for he remembered she used to be called unusually sweet-tempered.

All through the long forenoon Mrs. Thompson had nursed her wrath. Robert was selfish and unreasonable, and she did not care who knew it. "She *would not* have the circle meet there, and set the table with that old-fashioned china, and that stained and cracked mulberry—no, not for twenty Robert Thompsons. The rooms were shabby and out of date enough, mercy knew;" and her thoughts reverted to the pretty, tasteful homes of her friends, where she had met on "circle day."

Fifteen minutes before noon, and full that time before dinner would be ready—for they were usually a little behind, and Mr. Thompson always wanted his dinner boiling hot—Mrs. Thompson saw four tired, heated, hungry-looking men coming up through the orchard. The table was not set, and she hurried quickly about it. Just then Frank and Charlie, her two boys, came rushing in from school, each shouting, "Mother," "Mother," and each wanted something "right off." She felt tired, and hurried, and out of temper, which was not helped by her husband's impatient—

"Why isn't dinner ready? I told you we were in a hurry to-day. If I hadn't anything to do all the forenoon but get dinner, I'd try to do it before night."

A bitter retort sprang to her lips, but just then Charlie cried out,

"Oh, mother, mother! just look at my new copy. I ain't going to write *a*, *b*, *ab's*, any more; I'm going to write sentences, just like Frank. Just you read it, mother. The teacher said I must get it by heart, and always remember it."

Mrs. Thompson glanced up, laying the plates as she read, "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." It was not that it was new—she had read it scores of times—but something in its *appropriateness*, that fell like a cool hand on her heated pulses.

"I will have it ready in a moment, Robert," she said, quietly.

He looked up; evidently he had not expected just that reply, for if the truth must be told, he had thought more than once that forenoon of his wife's request; not that he thought of granting it, but that he expected that she would, as he termed it, "sulk over it."

"I say, boys," he said, as they went into the cool north room to their dinner, "it don't feel much here as it did down in the meadow. A woman has an easy time of it; they don't know what hot weather is."

Mrs. Thompson, waiting on the table with a scarlet face, did not reply; but Hubbard gave Jones a queer look out of the corner of his eye, as he half glanced at her.

"Why hadn't you set the butter in the stove? you might as well. I don't believe there's any need of having the butter like this, if it is warm weather," he growled.

"I took it out of the cellar since you came in; but I will go down and get some more, if you think I'd better," was the pleasant reply.

"No, never mind. Well, I declare? why didn't you boil this meat? It's hard as a rock. Not much like that I had at your house, Hubbard. *Your* wife knows how to cook a dinner that's fit for a king."

"I tried to have it nice, Robert," Mrs. Thompson said, struggling hard to choke down a rising sob, as well as an angry word.

The men did not speak, and Mr. Thompson finished his dinner with a thoughtful face. By-and-by he grew to watching his wife's face; there was something in it he could not understand. He looked down at the "mulberry and white"—it *did* look old and dingy beside the snowy table-cloth—he wondered he had never noticed it before. He went out into the kitchen—how hot and stifling it was! A vague idea that it wasn't such a comfortable place, after all, flitted through his mind. He went out towards the barn, the sun was hot, but there was a fresh breeze blowing from the south, and the men were lounging in the shadow of the barn.

"I never pitied a woman so in my life," Hubbard was saying; "she works like a slave, and don't get even 'thank ye' for it."

"She'd never ought to married Rob Thompson," replied Jones; "a delicate, sensitive little thing like her. However, he won't make money out of her blood and bones many years. I never saw a woman run down so fast. She looks as faded as the old house, that hasn't seen a drop of paint since old Grandfather Thompson had it fixed up for his second wife."

"And Jennie used to like things nice, so well! She'd better have married Squire Burnham—I wonder if she isn't ever sorry?"

Was she? The thought came crushing like a bolt of fire through the heart and brain of Robert Thompson. She might have married Burnham, he knew. And then he remembered how proud he had been that she turned from the wealthy young squire, to marry him, and come to the old homestead to take care of his invalid mother. And how tenderly she had done it, too! He could bear it no longer. He stole noiselessly away from the unconscious talkers, and started at a quick pace down the street.

Mrs. Thompson had washed and put away the last dish, and with a weary step had taken down the broom, when the sudden sound of wheels coming into the yard sent her to the door.

"I've brought down that ware, Mrs. Thompson," said the brisk voice of Grover, springing to the ground, and lifting a large basket carefully from the wagon.

"But I didn't order them, Mr. Grover," she gasped, in a frightened voice. "I only said perhaps, I—"

"O, it's all right. Mr. Thompson came up this noon and ordered them. I thought you didn't send him, for he didn't seem to know what he wanted, only he gave me ten dollars and told me to bring what was necessary. I have brought you a tea and dining set, including three dozen plates. If there is anything you don't like, I'll take it again and make it all right."

"O, I shall like them, I know," she said, trying hard to control her voice.

"Well, I'll leave the basket, and Robert can bring it up some time," he said, springing into the wagon and driving off.

Then Jane Thompson sat down on the floor beside that basket of crockery, and cried as if her heart would break. They were magical tears, too, for they washed all the weariness and despair from her face, and the shadow from her eyes and heart. She forgot that she was tired, or that the day was hot, but went to unpacking and washing her new treasures, singing softly to herself the while. She put some nice clean papers on the shelves, and then she folded some and cut them in scallops, and put them over the edges, and then she arranged her beautiful ware, with its drooping sprays of convolvulus and fuschias, standing off every few moments to admire it. I doubt if Mrs. Squire Burnham was ever so entirely happy in her life!

She had got it all arranged, and stood in the pantry door, with a bright, happy smile in her eyes and on her lips, when a voice—it was a trifle husky—said, close beside her:

"What is it, Jennie?" (he used to call her that, in the old days, before hardness or indifference came between them.)

"O, Robert!" taking a step toward him. He opened his arms and drew her close to his heart, kissing her as fondly and tenderly as he ever had in the days of his courtship.

"I have been a brute, little wife," he whispered, huskily; "can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you? O, Robert! I never was so happy in my life! I have been to blame, too; I haven't—"

"Yes, you have!" he interrupted "You've been an angel compared to me. I've made a slave of you, but you shan't work so any more. Jones's Laura is coming up to-morrow, to help you till after haying, and then I'll make some permanent arrangement."

"O, Robert, I can get along *now*. I feel just as light as a bird."

"And you *are* almost," he said, smiling a little sadly into her eager face. "No; I am able to hire some one to help you, and I am *going* to. And, by the way; I saw Leeds this noon. It's a dull time, just now, and so I thought I'd give the poor fellow a job."

"O, Robert? You ain't going to—"

"Ain't I?" he said, teasingly, laughing at her enthusiasm.

"Are you really, Robert—really going to have the old house painted?"

"Every square inch of board, Jennie, inside and out. And when you get over the summer's work, you can be looking up something to brighten up the old place a little."

"Robert?"

"What?"

"I want to tell you something—you won't be angry?"

"No," smiling.

"Well, to-day—it was wrong, I know, but I felt so discouraged—I almost wished I had married Squire Burnham; but *now*, O, Robert! I wouldn't marry him for fifty thousand French cottages!"

For answer he stooped and kissed her tenderly on the lips.—*American Union.*

THE HOUSEBAND.

BY S. H. BROWNE.

[The ancient orthography of the word *husband* is *housebande*, or *housebond*, *he who keeps the house together.*]

Honor the hard and sunburnt hand,
That toils from day to day
To chase from out the humble home
The demon Want away;
That spreads a sheltering ægis
Where wife and children dwell,
And clasps them in its iron strength,
With love no words can tell.
O the Husband is the housebond
That keeps the house together;
The genial sun, the kindly shower,
The calm of household weather!

Honor the mind that plods and plans
For pleasure or for pelf,
And yet through all the strain and strife
Thinks never of itself!
But of the group that gathers
About the homely hearth,
That place by love's enchantment made
The brightest spot on earth!
O the Husband is the housebond
That binds the house together;
The genial sky, the sun, the shower,
The calm of household weather.

Honor the heart that warms and swells
With manhood's holiest thrill,
And yet in its capacious depths
Is all unselfish still!
But while the hands are toiling,
And the mind is vexed with care,
Bears the dear burthen to its God
In deep though voiceless prayer!
Yes, the Husband is the housebond
That links the house together;
The blessed sun, the grateful shower,
The calm of household weather!

Novel Writers.

"Who will dare to write a novel?" is becoming a serious question. A recent English essayist asserts that every novel writer unconsciously wears his heart upon his sleeve; and from every novel we can fashion a more or less complete biography of the author. He asserts that from every series of novels, especially, a memoir might almost be written. In illustration he refers to Thackeray—to the hard, cynical humor, and caustic wit, and disbelief in men and motives which marked his novels in those early days when he was a literary Ishmaelite. Then toward the evening of his life, when all things prospered with him, how curiously gentle and genial and ready to make allowances he became. Bulwer, perhaps, more than any other author, writes his own biography as he writes his novels. It is amusing to see his heroes grow old as he grows old himself. In Pelham's day they were all young men, who wore wonderful neck-ties, and faultless gloves, and sneered at brown Windsor soap. But when we come to "What will he do with It," its hero is a middle-aged lawyer, who is well-to-do in the world; and before he got through with "My Novel" he made his own way into the cabinet, and made of Audley Egerton an iron-gray cabinet minister. It must be startling to novelists to be told that every one of their books answers a set of inquiries like the following: "Is he earnest? Is he sincere? Does he love nature? Is he a man of much thought and reading? Has he really seen much of life? Is he of pure, unselfish mind? Does he possess an elevated range of thought? Does he really know much?"

☞ A marriage license, issued by a magistrate in the City of Washington, has been returned, endorsed "She wouldn't have me."

☞ Cicero gives expression to a beautiful thought when he says, "I go from life as from an inn, not as from home."

No Housekeeper.

"Mrs. Jones is a right nice woman, good-hearted, and all that, but I am sorry to say she is no housekeeper."

"Don't know how to cook, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, she knows how to cook—I never sat down to better bread, and cake, and coffee, and relishes, than I've seen on her table; and she does her own work, too."

"What is the trouble, then?"

"Why, she isn't neat—don't keep things in order, as a woman should."

"Don't comb her hair, or sweep her room, or dust her things?"

"Her hair always looks well enough, and I believe she sweeps and dusts every morning, but then she lets the children have their own way too much."

"Does she? I was not aware—"

"I mean," said Mrs. Smith, "they have their baby-rags, and dolls, and blocks, and other playthings over the floor, and they keep house in the corners of the room, and I don't know what all; now I should soon go distracted with all that nonsense."

"So you don't allow your children such privileges, do you?"

"I rather think not; they have to do better than that when I'm about. What's the use of having a house in such confusion, and everything at all sixes-and-sevens?"

"Well, now, Mrs. Smith, I want to know how you manage your little ones. Come, tell me your rules."

"I don't know as I have any particular rules—only they shall not make a noise around me, nor litter up the floor with their gimcracks."

"You let them have their playthings, don't you?"

"No, indeed; I locked them up long ago, to keep them from being broken. I tell you, there's no use in humoring young ones so much. I must keep things tidy in my house, and the dear knows I have a time of it anyhow, with Mr. Smith not cleaning his feet on the mat, and the children almost always quarreling about something or other."

"Do you think Mrs. Jones has as hard a time as you have?"

"No, I don't believe she worries about anything. Seems to me she don't care how things go."

"Yes she cares a great deal, and knows exactly how to make her children happy at home, and her husband is always welcomed with a smile, mat or no mat. When her children come to see mine, they are neither noisy nor quarrelsome, but gentle, playful, healthy, and happy."

"And my children?"

"Well, they are somewhat different. You see they are kept so tightly at home, that they are pretty boisterous in other houses."

"Why don't you send them home, then?"

"Because they will not go; they declare that 'Ma is cross, and won't let them play, and they don't like home a bit!'"

"Do my children thus speak of their mother?" said Mrs. Smith, as she rose and drew her shawl around her veil to hide the coming tear.

"They do it often, my dear friend; but take courage—there is time yet to draw their hearts to you. Have patience with them; give them their toys, and let them enjoy them in their own home. Your house is always so plainly neat and quiet that I almost hate to go there."

"You shall hate it no more on that account," said Mrs. Smith, as she wrung her friend's hand. "I own up that Mrs. Jones is the better housekeeper."

Discoveries in Jerusalem.

The London Times publishes an interesting letter in regard to the discoveries at Jerusalem, from which we select the following:—

"The colossal foundations of the temple wall, which are 'stones of ten cubits, and stones of eight cubits,' laid by Solomon or his successors on the throne, are now being laid bare at the enormous depth of ninety feet or more beneath the present surface. The bridge that once spanned the ravine between the palace of Zion and the temple of Moriah is now proved to have been upward of one hundred and fifty feet high. If this be, as it seems, the ascent to the house of the Lord which Solomon showed to the Queen of Sheba, we cannot wonder that on seeing it there was no spirit in her. The pinnacle of the temple on which the tempter placed the Saviour has just been uncovered to the base, and is found still to have an elevation of one hundred and thirty-six feet. The statement of Josephus is, therefore, no exaggeration. If any one looked from the battlement into the valley he would be giddy, while his sight could not reach to such an immense depth. Sections of the ancient wall of Ophel have been exhumed, showing that, as Josephus says, it was joined to the south-east angle of the temple. Aqueducts, cisterns, rock-hewn channels and passages have also been discovered within and around the harem, throwing new light on the buildings, the arrangements, and the crevices of the temple. The great work of a complete exploration of ancient Jerusalem is thus fairly and auspiciously commenced. The opportune visit of the Sultan and Grand Vizier to this country, and the representations made to the latter by the Archbishop of York, followed up as they have been by the energy, the wisdom, and tact of Lieutenant Warren and his admirable staff, have smoothed down Moslem prejudice, removed local opposition, and thus brought about opportunities for excavation and exploration such as never occurred before; and besides, large numbers of Arab laborers have been trained to the work, and are eager to be employed; and the exact points for successful exploration are now well known."

☞ Little Susie, poring over a book in which angels were represented as winged beings, suddenly exclaimed with vehemence: "Mamma, I don't want to be an angel, and I need not, need I?"

"Why, Susie?" questioned her mother.

"Humph! leave off all my pretty clothes, and wear *fedders, like a hen?*"

☞ Balzac, the French novelist, thinks the affections of women of forty-five are often deeper and more disinterested than those of younger women.

PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN.

[Respectfully commended to the notice of Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith.]

I wish to make my sermon brief,—to shorten my oration,—
For a never ending sermon is my utter detestation;
I like short women,—suits at law without procrastination,—
And am always most delighted with things of short duration.
A babbler is a laughing stock; he's a fool who's always grinning;
But little women love so much one falls in love with sinning.
There are women who are very tall, yet are not worth the winning,
And in the change from short to long repentance finds beginning.

To praise the little women Love besought me in my musing;
To tell their noble qualities is quite beyond refusing:
So I'll praise the little women, and you'll find the thing amusing;
They are, I know, as cold as snow, whilst flames around diffusing.
They're cold without, whilst warm within the flame of Love is raging;
They're gay and pleasant in the street,—soft, cheerful, and engaging;
They're thrifty and discreet at home,—the cares of life assuaging:
All this and more;—try, and you'll find how true is my presaging.

In a little precious stone what splendor meets the eyes!
In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness lies!
So in a little woman love grows and multiplies:
You recollect the proverb says,—*A word unto the wise.*
A pepper-corn is very small, but seasons every dinner
More than all other condiments, although 'tis sprinkled thinner:
Just so a little woman is, if Love will let you win her,—
There's not a joy in all the world you will not find within her.

And as within the little rose you find the richest dyes,
And in a little grain of gold much price and value lies,
As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,
So in a little woman there is a taste of paradise.
Even as the little ruby its secret worth betrays,
Color and price and virtue in the clearness of its rays,—
Just so a little woman much excellence displays,
Beauty and grace and love and fidelity always.

The skylark and the nightingale, though small and light of wing,
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the birds that sing:
And so a little woman, though a very little thing,
Is sweeter far than sugar, and flowers that bloom in spring.
The magpie and the golden thrush have many a thrilling note,
Each as a gay musician doth strain his little throat,—
A merry little songster in his green and yellow coat:
And such a little woman is when Love doth make her dote.

There's naught can be compared to her throughout the wide creation;
She is a paradise on earth,—our greatest consolation,—
So cheerful, gay and happy, so free from all vexation:
In fine, she's better in the proof than in anticipation.
If as her size increases are woman's charms decreased,
Then surely it is good to be from all the great released.
Now of two evils choose the less,—said a wise man of the East:
By consequence of woman-kind be sure to choose the least.

—*From the Spanish of Juan Ruiz De Hita.*

TWICE MARRIED:

OR,

The Old Mountain Castle.

CHAPTER I.

Upon the southern declivity of the Tyrolean mountains, where they are deeply indented by Lake Garda, lies an old rocky castle, boldly clinging to that rugged wall like a gull's-nest to an overhanging cliff, and so advantageously situated just above where the valley makes a winding and narrows into a defile, that a handful of men posted there with a little reliable artillery, could defend the pass from a whole corps advancing from the south. These old, battlemented walls, towering up in their many-sided grandeur, bear scars of bitter conflicts, whose history has long since died away from the traditions of the neighboring people. They have not even preserved the name of the ancient baronial race which once dwelt here. Whoever should call at one of the stone huts, which, shaded by chestnut and walnut trees sprinkled the valley, and inquire the name and history of this castle, would be told, that this solitary military fortress now belonging to government, was once the property of a Marchese, who relinquished his claim sometime in the first half of the present century, during which the events about to be related took place.

At the time of our story, Lombardy was still an Austrian province, and few dreamed how soon this pearl would be snatched from the crown of the House of Hapsburg. Yet the position of affairs was far from satisfactory, and there seemed to be a gradual melting away of the ties of brotherhood, between those whom chance, but certainly not choice, had made countrymen. The German wanderer into this valley could expect only an inhospitable sufferance from the country people, and no year passed in this region without some silent, bloody deed of malice, to reach whose author, the arm of imperial justice was usually too short.

The two men, who upon this fine August afternoon, toiled up the ruined road leading to the castle, indulged in but little conversation, for the stately young German who had employed this Italian peasant as guide and porter, wore the uniform of an Austrian captain, not wholly concealed by the light coat thrown over it. His military cap was also covered by a wide-brimmed straw hat. True, he spoke the country dialect as fluently as if he had been christened in water from Lake Garda, but, in gait and bearing, he still betrayed the imperial officer. Indeed, his civil dress only made the moody peasant still more reticent, for it seemed to indicate some secret design.

The young officer learned from his guide little more than he already knew, that in the castle above dwelt a certain Marchese, who, for three years, had lived entirely secluded from the world, that he had only a few servants, and allowed no other persons to approach him, excepting an old Capuchin friar from the cloister up in the mountain, who, upon Sundays and holydays, came down to read mass in the chapel of the castle; and that the road, over which they now passed, was only at long intervals travelled by an ox-wagon, which took up from the nearest town provisions sufficient for weeks and even months.

The traveller asked relative to the disposition of the master of the castle, whether it was mild or the reverse; how he treated his equals and dependants; but he only learned that when the Marchese chanced to go upon hunting-excursions to the mountains he sent most of the game to the neighboring peasants, but seldom exchanged a word with any one he met. The guide had never seen him.

With this, all conversation ceased between the two, and the young man toiled thoughtfully through the hollow ruts, up the steep mountain-side. He carefully pondered upon all which he had taken upon himself to say and do. Young as he was, he had often proved himself not wanting in manly courage and resolution. And still, as the goal of his wanderings drew near, he could not repress an unwonted anxiety and excitement. Very gloomy looked this old castle at the summit of the path he trod, its few windows closed with heavy blinds, its battlemented side-tower encircled by the spreading arms of a gnarled old chestnut, through which it seemed to peer suspiciously out into the surrounding country. But what most singularly impressed the gazer was this: Upon each side of the main entrance, to which the old draw-bridge directly led, stood three very ancient cypress-trees, which to the windowless mass of wall, gave the appearance of a mausoleum, and seemed to warn every living thing from its portal.

When the final ascent was gained it was already twilight, and night-birds began to circle around the battlements of the castle. The young officer threw away his cigar, which had long since gone out, and gave several heavy knocks upon the firmly-closed door of the court. Twice he repeated them before anything within began to stir. Then a wooden shutter before a kind of loop-hole near the door was opened, and a face appeared, which grinned maliciously as if little pleased at sight of a visitor. The countenance was still young, but much disfigured by small-pox. One eye was missing, and a heavy tuft of black hair hung over the sightless cavity, now reddened by inflammation. One side of the face seemed distorted by pain, the other by rage and impatience over this pain.

With a quick, sharp tone, that almost sounded like a bark, the servant asked what was wanted, growling out that this was no inn.

"Can I speak with the Marchese?" asked the stranger, to whom the porter's rudeness recalled his almost forgotten military dignity.

"No," was the surly answer. With this the one-eyed menial would have closed the blind, but two words from the peasant, unintelligible to our traveller, appeared greatly to surprise him. He asked the name of the gentleman, who at once reached his card into the loop-hole. The servant then vanished, but ten minutes after reappeared, and opened the heavy portal with a great key.

"The Marchese will receive the Austrian captain," he said, but with evident reluctance. "You will remain outside," he continued, addressing the peasant.

"And the baggage?" asked the guide, pointing to the officer's cloak and a case of instruments lying upon the draw-bridge.

"Bring it into the yard, and wait outside here until my return," was the reply of the officer.

The captain saw how carefully the servant closed the door behind them, and an uncomfortable feeling crept over him as he looked around the court of this solitary mountain castle, and heard from its cold walls the echo of his own footsteps. Involuntarily he grasped his pocket revolver, and let the silent porter go on before. It was darker here in the shadow of the high battlements than outside in the defile. The wide-spreading branches of a platane tree which grew near a wall shut out a great portion of the sky. Numberless birds nestled here, and were thrown into great commotion as the two men advanced over the stony pavement. They were evidently unaccustomed to the visits of strangers. Still following his guide the captain came to a small gate in a corner of the court. Looking through its latticed bars he saw a high, old-fashioned iron fence, enclosing a small garden. Late roses and cypresses grew there, and a fig-tree had entwined itself around the gate, which might well serve for a trellis, as it apparently had not been opened for years.

Much was he surprised to find within the castle no trace of neglect. The stairs were carpeted, the narrow apartments simply but comfortably furnished, the shutters of the small windows painted white, and before them were silk curtains of modern style and pattern. He also observed for the first time that the servant was dressed in a somewhat modified, silk hunting-livery, that he carried a large hunting-knife with mother-of-pearl handle, and that in spite of his nailed shoes, he walked lightly. They passed through three small ante-chambers in the first story; then the servant opened the door to a larger apartment, and, standing upon its threshold, silently beckoned to the stranger to pass in.

As he entered the room, a tall, gentlemanly figure rose from a writing-table covered with books and papers, which, standing in a deep window-niche, was lighted up by the last beams of day. Elsewhere the vaulted apartment was so dark, that upon the book-shelves that nearly covered the walls, one could scarcely read the gilded titles of the volumes.

As the master of the castle now turned from the window toward his visitor, the play of his features could scarcely be distinguished. One could not divine whether that strong, calm face could ever by glance or expression reveal the deep emotions of the inner life. The broad, perfect forehead, shaded by a profusion of hair, now somewhat gray, appeared the impenetrable dwelling-place of thought and resolution. Below it were eyes of great beauty, whose peaceful glance told that through long discipline they had learned to see everything, but to reveal nothing. One could not tell whether the lower portion of the beardless face were pleasing or otherwise; neither could one judge of the character of this man from either his bearing or gestures, for he still sat at the table, resting his head upon his hand, and returned the low bow of his visitor with only a scarce-perceptible nod.

"I must beg your pardon, Herr Marchese," said the young officer, "for intruding upon your solitude at this late hour. I left my servant ill at Riva, and the necessity of procuring a new guide caused me considerable delay. I supposed also that I might find passable quarters down in the village, and pay my visit here to-morrow; but I found such unfriendly faces and such horrible filth within those huts, that even my soldierly endurance recoiled. And so I concluded—"

The Marchese meanwhile placed a chair in the middle of the room, and with a silent wave of the hand offered it to his visitor. Then he returned to his place at the table, and calmly fixed his eyes upon the speaker.

"I will be brief," resumed the stranger. "It is no personal matter that brings me here. I come at the command of my superiors. I am Captain Eugene von R——, from the general staff of Field Marshal Radetzky, who, as you are aware, has for the present his head-quarters in Verona. Our commanding officer has heard much of a very strong fortress on this side of the lake, guarding the pass which leads to the north, and his special attention is now directed to this valley, which contains all the natural advantages required to make it a secure base for military operations. You yourself, Herr Marchese, have served with distinction in the army of Piedmont, and require no technical explanations to convince you of the importance of this point, and especially of your own castle. My orders are to make a thorough survey of this region, and to lay before your excellency the question whether and under what conditions you could be induced to yield up this possession of yours into the hands of the emperor. It is not the design of government to reach the end in view by diplomatic means. Had it been so, I would never have accepted the honorable mission with which I am charged. I have full power to deal with you without reservation."

A slight pause ensued, during which the scraping of the nailed shoes outside upon the stone floor of the ante-chamber was distinctly heard. The servant was evidently listening at the door.

"I thank you for your frankness, Herr Captain," said the Marchese at length. "Let me just as frankly say to you that I do not wish to sell my castle to any person, or under any consideration. I do not sufficiently understand the Austrian law to know whether the imperial government has power forcibly to remove me from my inheritance. In any event I am resolved never to leave it of my own free will."

The countenance of the stranger flushed. "You deceive yourself, Herr Marchese," he replied, rising from his chair. "We treasure too highly your name and your service to use against you any advantage which the Expropriation law may perhaps place in our hands. I say 'perhaps,' for I do not clearly know the provisions of the law in such a case as yours. If your refusal is irrevocable, the military authorities will abandon the idea of rebuilding and fortifying this castle. I have permission to assure you of this. But I must also say that the plan of fortifying the valley will by no means be abandoned; and if my reconnoisance should lead me to fix upon some eligible point commanding your castle, it will be my duty to report accordingly. You, Herr Marchese, some years ago withdrew into this solitude. I leave it to you whether your abode will have the same charms for you as now, when the tumult of building fortifications and the presence of a garrison shall have wrought a change in this whole region. I am empowered to make you an offer for your property far exceeding its real value."

The captain was now silent, and sought in vain from the shadowed countenance of the Marchese to read the impression his words had made. With a voice somewhat hollow, but tranquil as before, the Marchese answered:

"You will oblige me, dear sir, by waiving all further discussion of this matter. I repeat that I purpose to remain here and await further proceedings. If I can render you any personal service—"

"Indeed, Herr Marchese," replied the young captain, "I am in the very position to beg for a favor. Your decision renders it doubly necessary that I remain for some days in this immediate neighborhood. I have told you my reasons for not wishing to take up my quarters with the villagers. With you, sir, I perceive I am no welcome guest; but in the hope that you will separate the man from his office, I crave your hospitality for a few days. I will conform to all your domestic arrangements, and be content with the most remote corner of your castle. A quiet shelter at night and a secure place for my papers and effects are all I ask."

At this moment the one-eyed servant walked into the room, and approaching his master, said in an unmistakeable Milanese dialect, "The peasant who guided the Herr Captain here will wait no longer. He says he must be home before midnight."

The cold-blooded impudence with which the fellow, who had not stirred from the ante-chamber, uttered this transparent falsehood, surprised the captain; but the Marchese, without changing his position, said:

"Send him home, Saddeo. This gentleman remains in the castle. You will open the turret-chamber for him, and prepare a bed. Take care that you give him no cause for complaint. You, sir, must excuse all deficiencies," he continued, turning to the captain. "My house is not arranged for guests, and you may miss many things necessary to your comfort. I beg that you will not take it ill if I continue my usual pursuits, and decline to act the landlord while you are here. It certainly delights me to be able to do a slight favor to so noble-minded a man and so brave an officer as I have found in you. Good-night."

With these words the Marchese bent slightly to his guest. He then turned to the servant, who, as if transformed to stone, stood staring now at his master, now at the visitor, and spoke a few words in the native dialect, upon which the fellow's manner entirely changed. He coughed twice, closed his one blinking eye, and then with quick, cat-like steps, hastening on before the guest, he opened the door. At the threshold he turned back, and asked in a low voice for further orders. Then taking a small lantern which stood upon the chimney shelf of the ante-chamber, he lighted the guest down the stairs and across the dark court to the side wing. An iron-barred door opened with a grating sound, and as the captain climbed up the winding stairs, over which the red light of the lantern dimly flickered, he regretted for a moment that he had not taken shelter in the lowliest vine-dresser's hut, rather than up here, within these massive tower walls, which closed around him cold and grim as a living tomb. But this feeling vanished when he entered the little chamber assigned to him. It was a vaulted apartment of octagonal shape, with two deep window recesses. The room was comfortably, even elegantly furnished, its bedstead, table, chairs and wardrobe being in the best style of modern art, and richly carved. Around the walls was a wainscot reaching half their height, lightly strewn with rosy Cupids, birds and morning clouds. All was agreeable, with the exception of the damp, stony air, which made the closed room seem like a prison.

When Eugene had opened the window before which spread the branching arms of the old chestnut, the cool night air brought him an unhoped for sense of comfort. While the servant arranged his room, he stood for a full hour in the window niche and gazed enchanted down into the moon-lit valley. Far away in its quiet depths, beyond olive gardens and vineyards, glittered a small streak of silver, in which he recognized an arm of the sea, flowing on to the west. The valley was entirely still. Out of none of the white houses which here and there shimmered through the green of the surrounding trees came the gleam of a candle or a breath of smoke. The brook, along whose bed he had come to-day, was dried to the ground, but the moonlight appeared to flow through its stony channel and to empty its glittering tide into the sea below. There lay such a spell in this solitary magnificence of heaven and earth that the young officer's glance seemed riveted to the scene without, and he scarcely heeded the arrangements the servant was making within until reminded that they were complete.

He turned and saw lighted upon the table a triple-armed brass lamp, disclosing a supper of cold venison, bread, olives, and wine in a polished flask. The bed was laid with snowy linen, the washing basin filled with fresh water, the coat of the guest was placed upon a chair, and he was made to feel as much at home as one could expect to be, coming thus suddenly and uninvited into a mountain fortress. And yet a solitary feeling stole over the young man as he seated himself alone at the table, and thought how perhaps at this very moment, under this same roof, another just as lonely was taking his evening meal. His open and joyous nature was far removed from anything like inquisitive speculation. He was from choice a soldier, loving his profession with a passionate ardor, and his devotion to severe military science had hitherto made him blind to many things going on in the world around him, which, to his companions of equal age, seemed important and attractive. He now remembered that he had before heard the name of this Marchese, and recalled the remarks which people had made over his sudden disappearance from the world. But it had been his wont when the conversation was of men whom he did not know to listen with scarce half an ear, and ponder in silence meanwhile over some scientific or mathematical problem. And so he had the topography of this mountain and valley better in his head than all these rumors about the lord of the castle which passed from lip to lip. But his short conversation with this reticent man had excited in the breast of the young officer a sympathy far warmer than curiosity. He would have given much at this moment to sit opposite the Marchese, and to thank him for having received a stranger and one whom he might almost regard as an enemy with such generous hospitality.

Absorbed in such thoughts, he had, ere he was aware, emptied the flask before him, and the heavy Lombardy wine began to inflame all his veins. He looked around in vain for drinking water; and at last, seizing the empty flask, he concluded to step down and fill it at the well. To his great surprise, he found the heavy tower-door locked, and his knocks and calls unanswered. So he was indeed a prisoner, and perhaps these friendly preparations for his comfort, were only deceitful means of lulling him into security! He threw aside this suspicion the next moment; but before he went to bed, he thought it would be well to carefully examine his night quarters. He found nothing remarkable, until it occurred to him to remove the wardrobe from its place against the wall. Behind it, was a closed door, secured by a lock opening from within. Seriously troubled now in regard to his personal security, he opened the door and looked into the next apartment.

It was a low, gloomy hall of great length, and a flight of steps led down to it. He lightly descended the stairs, and carefully examined every part of the room. He concluded that the only egress from it was that through his turret chamber, as the door opposite was walled up. Upon the side looking toward the valley, there were three small windows with closed blinds, which could no longer be moved from their rusty fastenings; upon that commanding the court, were three other windows, their round shutters covered with dust. The hall was cold and empty, and appeared not to have been entered for many years.

The captain, to his great delight, at length succeeded in opening one of the barred shutters. But the night air suddenly flowing in, extinguished his lamp, and so he stood in the darkness, looking down into the court, and upon the well, from which he gladly would have drawn water to cool his fevered blood.

Below all was still. The lower limbs of the platane tree threw a heavy net of shadows over the stone pavement, while its summit was bathed in moon-rays. The bit of garden visible from the window lay clear and serene; he could plainly see the roses peeping out from among the black cypresses. All looked cheerless and desolate; and he was about to close the blind, and seek to lose in sleep his growing horror of this place, when through a gap in the heavy foliage of the platane he remarked the glimmer of a light. He soon found that it came from a window of the ground story, directly opposite him. A wide opening in the upper blind to admit the fresh night air, made the apartment, which was lighted by a lamp, distinctly visible. In its centre was a round table, spread with only a single cover, and with one solitary chair standing before it. An old woman, with a sallow, unhappy countenance, moved to and fro, perfecting arrangements for the meal. She placed a full water-flask and a plate of figs upon the table, and cut from a large loaf a slice of bread, which she laid in a little basket. Then she brought a covered dish, and turned away as if to announce that all was ready.

At this moment the captain availed himself of a spy-glass which he carried with him. Scarce had he placed it before his eyes and directed them to the window opposite, ere the old woman again entered; but this time not alone. Instead of the master of the house, whom Eugene had expected to see, there followed her, with slow, half-somnambulic steps, a young woman, wholly clad in gray. Her rich, blonde hair was simply combed back and bound in a heavy coil at the back of the neck; the large, dark eyes were sunken and lustreless, and the face and hands of almost transparent whiteness. Quick as lightning the thought passed through the young captain's brain, that he had before seen this face, glowing with health and radiant with happiness. Now it was bleached and transformed, as if from wasting sickness or hopeless sorrow.

The eyes had an absent, weary glance. No motion betrayed whether the lady heard what the old woman, with passionate gestures and expressive nods, was saying to her. She seated herself mechanically at the table, and listlessly watched the servant as she uncovered the principal dish and set it before her. It proved to be the favorite Polenta of the country. The old woman seemed to praise the dish, and to urge her young mistress to eat. But, after the first trial, she laid aside her spoon and pushed back her plate. She then cut, with a small, silver knife, a piece of bread, and broke in two one of the purple figs; but she swallowed scarcely a morsel. She sat staring vacantly into the flame of the lamp which stood upon the snow-white tablecloth, until appearing to recall herself, she placed her thin, white hand upon her forehead, and hastily arose. Against the wall stood an image of the Madonna, over which hung a black cross. Before this she prostrated herself, and lay for a long time silent, her face buried in her hands.

The old woman threw a troubled glance toward the ceiling, and, shaking her head mournfully, removed the table. For a long time she busied herself with this, and had just crouched down in a chair with her sewing, when the lady rose from her knees, the beautiful face only more stony and hopeless. Then the old woman began to relate something, significantly pointing up to the tower. Evidently, she was telling of the arrival of a guest in the castle; an event which should be of the greatest importance to her young mistress. But the lady's eyes still rested upon the floor, and no word escaped her lips. Suddenly she left the room, and the old woman put out the lamp and followed her. All was now dark and still; and, though Eugene lingered long at the window, the strange apparitions did not reappear. At length he concluded to leave his post in the hall, and return to the tower.

The moon shone so brightly that he did not re-light his lamp. He could not think of sleeping. With heated brow and restless heart, he stood long at the open window, and looked down into the deep valley. "So beautiful, so young, and why imprisoned here?" he asked himself. He now recalled where he had met her. Five years before, he was the guest of a French general, who was passing the winter in Venice. At a ball given by the general, where was assembled the *elite* of German and Italian society, she had appeared with her mother, a tall, grave lady of the highest social consideration. The daughter was then in the first bloom of womanhood, and not more than seventeen years old. Her voice, her face, her figure, and the laughing expression of her black eyes, were so irresistible, that the young artillery lieutenant, who had hitherto been bantered for his indifference to women, that evening had eyes only for the young *Lombardese.* He danced with her but once; for a young Milanese Count, her cousin, had constituted himself her knight, and seldom moved from her side. She seemed to prefer the homage of this handsome, but somewhat haughty cousin, to that of all others. With Eugene, she exchanged only a few words, but the whole of the next week he thought of her continually, and sought her everywhere.

One day he met her again. She was with her mother and this same young cousin, and just stepping into a gondola. His very deferential salute she returned only with a distant bow. He was evidently nothing more than a stranger to her. Shortly after, he heard that she had left Venice and returned to Milan.

What sad fate was this, which in the meantime had scared the rose from her cheek, and stolen the lustre from her eye? Five years only—she could not now be more

than twenty-two, and yet she looked almost as if she might be the mother of the beautiful girl he had danced with that evening.

How came she in this wilderness? In what relation did she stand to the master of this castle, who seemed to conceal her as one hides his bad conscience or his deadly sickness from the glance of the world? Was he her husband, or had he in the madness of a hopeless passion, borne her to this strong castle, like some robber knight of the dark old time, to let her here learn that her pride and aversion could not conquer?

When Eugene recalled the dignified bearing and noble features of the Marchese, he flung this thought from him as if it were a deadly sin, but he could make no further progress toward the solution of the dark riddle.

CHAPTER II.

At last, weary in body, and perplexed in mind, Eugene threw himself upon his bed and sank into an uneasy slumber. Often, half-conscious, he started up to grasp his pistols, which lay beside him. A fearful dream oppressed him. He saw this beautiful lady, cold and still, upon a bier; and the sallow, old woman, with a dish of polenta, stood by, exhorting her mistress to take a spoonful, as it was good to ward off death. But, as the pale form moved not, the old crone set up a heart-rending lamentation, ever louder and more shrill, until the dreamer, at length, with a cry of terror, awoke. It was not all a dream. Morning had dawned, and before his window, at the foot of the tower, he heard a sharp woman's voice, singing words which he did not understand. He sprang up hastily to the window, and saw the old serving woman climbing the steep footway up the rock, with a basket on her arm. Often she would pause, and turning toward the tower, as if she would say something to the stranger, sing her *ritornelle*.

When she saw him at the window, she repeated more loudly and slowly, her one-toned improvisation, of which he understood nothing but the word "Capuchin." She then made a sign, as if to say that caution was necessary; and vanished behind the bushes which hung down from the cliff.

Astonished and excited, Eugene stepped back from the window, and saw that the one-eyed Saddeo had entered his room, and was observing him with a lowering glance. The fellow immediately resumed his usual expression, and asked with an obsequious manner, if the Herr Captain had any commands for him; was he ready for his chocolate? But it did not escape Eugene, that, while the servant spoke, he still listened intently to the voice of the old woman, which could be plainly heard in the distance.

"The Herr Marchese excuses himself," he said, while he carefully removed the pistols from the chair, and laid out the clothes of the stranger. He has very urgent business on hand, which will occupy him until far into the night. To-morrow, should the captain remain so long, he hopes to pay him his respects."

Eugene answered shortly and abstractedly. He then asked if there were no servant in the castle, who could be hired to carry his instruments.

"No one but an old woman who has charge of the kitchen," returned Saddeo. "But she is wrong in the head, and might break or destroy something of value to the Herr Captain. He added that he himself could not leave the castle, otherwise, he would think himself highly honored to accompany the gentleman. There might be some herdsman's boy in the neighborhood who knew the way, and would willingly do him this service."

Eugene had not heard these last words. The immediate design of his being here, suddenly became so far removed from his thoughts, that, when an hour later he left the castle, to commence his reconnoissance, he forgot his charts. After remarking this he still went on slowly, and lost in thought. Upon the topmost rim of the high ground which bounded one side of the valley, he stood, silently leaning on the hilt of his sword, and gazed back into the depths below. Some hundreds of feet beneath him lay the castle. He could plainly see the position of the building, and also look into the little garden, which, in spite of the roses peeping through the bars of its iron fence, made a gloomy, sepulchral impression. No human form appeared in its narrow, rocky paths; and the windows opening upon this side, were closed with heavy blinds. Seen from this high point the house appeared untenanted. Only once, something moved by the well under the platane. As Eugene directed his glance to that place, he saw a woman's figure in peasant garb, moving two heavy water-casks across the court. She vanished within a side-door, and soon after, a light column of smoke mounted upward over the tops of the chestnut trees, the only token that life still existed within these closely-guarded, cypress-shaded walls.

After brooding for hours over this strange riddle, something like hatred against the master of the castle, took possession of the young officer's soul. He pictured to himself with a savage joy foreign to his nature, how, if it were only war-time, and permission were given him, at the head of a storming force to besiege this castle, he without delay would burst in its closed doors, and bring to the light the dark secret of this old rocky nest. Then he would ask that white, sad face, who had stolen from it its youth? and the robber, without hope of mercy, should atone for his crime.

But there was no war, and he alone and powerless, could rely only upon his own sagacity and endurance. Sighing unwittingly, he gave one lingering glance into the valley and began ascending the next mountain-summit, which widened into a plateau some miles in extent. A narrow, stony path led through low bushes to the west; and, as Eugene followed it with his eyes, he remarked at its ending at the highest point of the horizon, a white cloister, with low, modest belfry, peeping out from a grove of firs, and overlooking the whole highland. Although this was no place for his reconnoissance, yet he turned, without reflection, his steps to the cloister. A mysterious *something* urged him on to inquire there concerning the inhabitants of the castle. His guide yesterday had told him that every Sunday a Capuchin friar read mass in the chapel of the Marchese.

He had toiled on for a quarter of an hour between cliffs and bushes, when suddenly a figure arose in the path. He at once recognized the old woman, whose singing had that morning awakened him. She had thrown over her head a brown mantle, beneath which her brilliant eyes looked out anxious and full of sorrow.

She whispered to Eugene that she had long been waiting for him, and motioned to him to follow. Then, with her head between her shoulders, like a blind owl, she glided over the rocks to a forsaken hut which stood in the shadow of a stone-quarry, and was buried in a thicket of blackberry bushes.

"Swear to me by the bleeding heart of the Madonna, that you will not betray me," she said. "You look like a gentleman and a man of honor, but, until you have sworn this, not a word comes from my lips. You can then decide whether you will do what I ask you."

He hesitated a moment, and then said—

"You must rely upon my simple word, old woman. What would you have me do? I am ready for anything that accords with the honor of a soldier."

She did not answer, but seating herself upon a low stone within the hut, groaned and lamented as if she were alone, and glad in this remote corner to give full vent to her sorrow. Not until Eugene impatiently laid his hand upon her shoulder, did she appear to think why she was really here.

"Tell me first, why you come to this solitude, and what you seek," she then said, scanning the young officer inquisitively from head to foot. "How comes it that he has admitted *you* into the castle where no one takes shelter but us and despair? If you are his friend, then old Barbara has nothing to say to you."

He gave a brief explanation of his reasons for coming to the castle, which seemed to set her at rest. She nodded her head as if satisfied—and drawing an old snuff-box from her pocket, took a pinch. Then she asked—

"Are you acquainted in Milan, Herr Captain?"

"A little," he answered. "It was my first garrison, and I was there nearly a year. But that was long ago.

"And will you go there again? But it must be soon, or it will be too late."

"Say what you would have me do. If it is important—"

"As important as death and life," said the old woman with a glance toward Heaven. "Have you ever heard of the Count T———?" (and she pronounced the name of one of the first families of the Milanese nobility.) "Possibly you may have visited at his house. If you are truly a man of honor and a Christian, and have pity for the sorrow of the innocent, you will not hesitate to take a letter to the old Countess. I have nothing further to ask of you. Do this, and Heaven will bless you for it."

"Give me your letter," he said, kindly, "and in eight days' time it shall be safely delivered.

"Eight days!" she murmured. "That is too long. Ere that time the light may have gone out. But if it cannot be otherwise, God may perhaps be gracious. You must write the letter; I, poor creature, know the spelling very well; but write, I cannot.

"I could long ago have gone on foot to Milan, told all and had all righted; but I would do nothing against my lady's will." Again she began to groan and sob, and seemed to forget that any one was near. Eugene meantime drew forth his writing case and laid out a sheet of paper."

"What shall I write?" he asked.

"Oh yes, I remember," said the old woman. "Now, in God's name, begin:

"'Dear Frau Countess,' for thus I know her, without the high-sounding titles of 'Gentilissima' and 'Illustrissima.' I was in the house at the birth of her first child. The young Count died, and then the little Giovanna came into the world. 'Barbara,' said the Countess, 'if you had no milk for the tiny creature, I know you would give her your heart's blood. Therefore, you must remain with us always.' Oh, compassionate heart of my Saviour! Could I have foreseen all that was to come, rather would I have gone to the galleys than that this child, loved so fondly and reared so tenderly, should have suffered so."

"Tell me what you wish, Barbara," interrupted Eugene impatiently. "Time is precious."

"You are right, Herr Captain! But they say, 'Time, patience and gold conquer the whole world;' and further, 'He who bears everything is either a saint or an ass.' Therefore, go on and write just what I tell you. My patience, too, is exhausted."

"Dear Frau Countess," repeated the captain. "I who write to you," dictated the old woman, "am your old, true Barbara, and would tell you that you have been deceived and betrayed in a most pitiable and scandalous way by a certain person who, God forgive him! shall be nameless. Like a Turk and a heathen, he treats your daughter, whom he promised you and the Lord God to love and cherish—"

"Have you that good? Now, write on."

"It is a lie and a horrible calumny to say that my young mistress has lost her reason, and therefore has been taken into this wilderness, where she will neither see nor speak to a living soul, not even to her father or mother.

"*But on the contrary* ('and this you may underscore') *she has her five senses as perfectly as I, or as your most gracious highness*, (with all deference be it said.) She has been taken from the villa, and is now walled up in this castle. This crime *he* has on his conscience—*he* whom I will not name, because he has threatened to shoot me dead if I tell this secret. But, though I die seven deaths for it, I must at last open my lips, or my heart will burst. How can I longer, day by day, witness this sorrow? For my young mistress neither eats nor drinks nor sleeps, and must soon die if things go on as they are. Well says the proverb, 'Tell me how thou livest, and I will tell thee how thou diest.' That my poor lady will soon die, or become insane, if not taken away from here is certain; and he knows it best of all—he who is guilty of all, and will have it so: otherwise he would have pity upon her. Therefore, my dear, gracious Countess, if you would save your daughter—"

"Have you that? Now comes the principal thing. But that I myself do not quite know. For, if I write that the parents shall come and take their daughter away from the castle, would she permit it? For you must know, Herr Captain, that she speaks only of atonement and death, and declares that she will never again see the world, poor little heart!—and that she can enjoy nothing more upon earth. Ah, a melancholy has come over her, black as the grave, and he has caused it, this pitiless man! Better would it have been if he at that time had plunged a dagger in her heart than to let her thus slowly be murdered by her own harrowing thoughts."

The old woman again folded her hands across her bosom and sobbed as if her heart were breaking. Eugene heard outside a herd of goats clambering around the stone quarry, and distinguished the voice of the herdsman in a sort of sing-song calling to the animals. Now the fellow came nearer, and stepped for a moment into the door of the hut, but immediately vanished. Eugene could not tell whether he who stood in the shadow had been seen by the herdsman. He must certainly have noticed the old woman.

"Let me know all," the young captain said quickly. "And make haste, Barbara. We may be interrupted, and then I should perhaps no longer be in a position to help you. What can have so estranged this married pair? It is past belief that a man can have the heart to bury his beautiful young wife alive if she really were innocent and of sound understanding."

The old woman looked at him intently, as if doubtful as to how far he should be admitted into the secret. Then she took another pinch of snuff, and walking to the door to look after the goatherd, said:

"*Innocent!* who is innocent, dear sir? 'The righteous falls seven times a day, and punishment lingers, but at last it comes.' Should a poor angel of eighteen years, whom they had forced into a marriage to which her heart could not say 'amen,' henceforth have no heart at all?—especially if she had already given her heart into another's keeping, and was no longer mistress of it? I remember the words she spoke to me, as if I were listening to them even now. 'Barbara,' said she, 'if I marry the Marchese and not Gino (that was the one whom she had loved from childhood) I tell you, Barbara, there will be unhappiness.' She said that, and because I knew her and her father also, and knew that he never could be turned from his will—'Little dove,' said I, 'my heart's only treasure! there will be unhappiness, but your old Barbara has not the courage to see it, and therefore will she go back to the lowly home where she was born, (a little place three hours' ride from the city) and there I will pray for my Giovanna night and day,' I said.

"So I went, for the wedding was near, and Gino, who had been made a Lieutenant of Marine, could not come to Milan, and the old Count would not let him know how matters stood, and the Countess was for the Marchese, because he was such a distinguished officer, so rich, and, above all, a nobleman.

"But, does a heart of eighteen years ask after such things? The first love is the best. And so I went away, that I might neither see nor hear anything of what happened. I lived at home nearly a year, as if there were not a Contessa in the world. Only, from my heavy heart, I marked that all was not as it should be.

"Now imagine my surprise when a letter came begging me to take a coach and come directly to the villa of the Marchese, as the young wife had need of me. At the first moment a joyful hope dawned in my heart, and I said to myself, 'It may be better than I thought. Now, perhaps there may soon be a little child!' But I made the journey with evil forebodings. My Giovanna had not written the letter, but *he*. When I arrived it was already dark, and that rascal, Saddeo, received me. His eye was bound up. Otherwise he was just as hideous as now. He did not conduct me to my young mistress; but before I had time to shake the dust from my clothes, he took me to the Marchese.

"I had seen the Marchese twice before. I found no great change in his countenance; but truly, of father-joy not a trace."

"Barbara," he said, "I have sent for you to keep the Marchesa company, for she is sick in mind. As you have been faithful to her from infancy, she has confidence in you."

"Heavenly heart of pity!" said I. "What has happened to my lady, to my little Giovanna, who was so joyful and made the whole house ring with her merry laugh?"

"Barbara," said he, and sighed so that I had a real sympathy for him, "something has happened." Then he told me that a thief had at night broken into her chamber. He, the Marchese, could have got there in time to drive him away, but there had been a struggle between the robber and Saddeo, who had thereby lost an eye. The horror and excitement had thrown the Marchesa into a deep melancholy. She would neither see nor speak to any one, and wished to go to some place where she could be in more security than at the open villa, or even in the city; therefore he designed to-morrow to set out with her for his castle by Lake Garda, there to remain until the mental health of his poor wife should be restored.

"This he said to me in a voice low and troubled, yet resolute and firm. I believed all, and told him that I would never leave my young mistress while she required my service. He nodded, and ordered his valet to conduct me to her. But how did I find the poor angel! I should not have known her. Pale and dumb, no tears, no lamentation. I was greatly frightened, for they say: 'He who still weeps can again become well.' Would you believe that not a feature changed when she saw me, and in answer to all my talk there was only head-shaking and turning away. At last she commanded me to leave her alone. Ah, holy mother of pity! how that cut me to the heart!

"The next day we set out. I, with the Marchese in the carriage, Saddeo upon the box, and near him the cooking-maid, Martina, whom all hold for simple, because she speaks but little, and then stutters pitifully; and yet she is more clever than many. The Marchese was on horseback, and remained constantly behind the carriage. And so we journeyed day and night with fresh horses, until we drew up to this God-forsaken dungeon. As the coach rolled over the drawbridge it was to me as if I heard sods rolled down upon a coffin.

"The Marchesa appeared to see and to hear nothing. Most of the time she lay with closed eyes in the coach, and, when we got here, she threw herself immediately upon an old sofa, and remained there like a corpse. During all this time she exchanged no syllable with her husband, and scarcely were we under shelter before the Marchese again rode forth, and that hideous, one-eyed Saddeo, was our castellain and jailor.

"You may imagine that I was not satisfied with the explanation the Marchese had given me. I asked Saddeo to tell me truly the cause of the terrible change in my lady, but the stone wall is more communicative than he. My young mistress, too, was dumb. But that evening as I sat with Martina by the kitchen hearth (for the mistress had sent me from her room) I learned all. I can understand Martina well, though it does take her a long time to express herself. Who, think you, was the thief that had so frightened my young mistress? No other than Gino, and terror and joy are similar as sisters' children. The Marchese was absent from the villa. The Marchesa had not been there long, for the parents were not willing that their only child should leave them so soon. In the country it was very lonely for our young lady, Martina said, after having so long mingled in the gay society of the city.

"Ah, Herr Captain! You must not judge my poor lady harshly. One is only once eighteen, and the first love is the best. As I said, the Marchese was away, and Saddeo was master of the house. One evening, as Martina was sitting alone in the kitchen, a peasant-boy walked in with a letter. He placed his finger on his mouth, and slipping the letter under her apron, ran away. She saw from the address that it was for the Marchesa, and took it to her, and she blushed rosy red with joy, poor little heart! Then she wrote two words in reply, and told Martina to give the paper to the messenger if he returned. He came again the next evening. He could not come by day, for he feared Saddeo, who is shy and artful as the evil one himself, and who sees and hears everything.

"The next evening Gino slipped into the house by a safe way, as he supposed, but all was known to that sharp-eyed Saddeo. When he had been two hours with his beloved, who was now the wife of another, the door opened, and the Marchese—(Saddeo had sent to Milan for him)—stalked in, like an avenging angel with lightning (I mean a dagger) in his hand. She cried feebly to the servants for help, but, dear Heaven! what could they do against that furious man? Martina says that as she came into the mistress's chamber she saw the master standing in the middle of the room. Not a muscle moved, but the dagger in his hand seemed to shoot forth rays of fire. Neither spoke a word. The lady sat upon a chair. She was as white as chalk, but she did not look frightened any more than if she were already dead, and past all fear of any earthly thing. All this Martina saw, without being herself observed, for she stood in the shadow behind a high chest of drawers.

"Suddenly, a tumult arose outside, for the window was open, and Saddeo's voice was heard crying 'murder! help! help!' At the same moment the Marchese made a movement toward the chair, and shook the dagger in his hand, as if he would stab his wife to the heart. But (said Martina) she only lifted her eyes to him, as if she would say, 'do it, do it! if you have pity, and would end my sorrow.' And he—he could not bear that glance, but flung the dagger upon the floor and breaking it beneath his heel, threw the pieces out of the window. Then the door opened, and Saddeo rushed in covered with blood, and a horrible sight to behold. One of his eyes were gone, and he bore in his hand a gold pocket-watch attached to a chain. 'Here, your excellency,' said he, 'this is all that has come of it. He has got away, the cursed murderer.' Then he gave the Marchese the watch, and left the room, fairly howling for rage and pain. Martina, who has a sympathising heart, followed him to dress the wound. He spoke not a word to her of the whole affair, because he holds her for stupid; but he cursed and stormed, and no one in the villa closed an eye that night.

"Soon the servants heard the master go into his chamber and shut the door. The mistress too locked her door, and did not answer when toward midnight, Martina went up and knocked, asking if she wanted anything. Not a sound was heard in the whole house but the ravings and groans of Saddeo.

"In the morning the Marchese came into the kitchen and told Martina that a thief had broken into the house the night before. She might carry this information to the next military station, and also take some letters to the post. One of the letters was to the Count and Countess, the other to me. Then he went into Saddeo's chamber, and sent him with his bloody face to the nearest surgeon. When the fellow came back, three or four days after, his wound was in a fair way to heal, but all the doctors in the world could not restore his lost eye, and therefore he has such a hatred against our lady that he longs for revenge; and so, when the Marchese leaves the castle in Saddeo's guardianship, he feels very sure that there will be no intruders by night or day.

"The morning after I had learned all this from Martina, I slipped into my mistress's chamber, although she had not called me. She was still in bed, but I saw that she had not slept. Then I told her that I knew all, and she need not be troubled. Every one must believe that she had given her old lover his dismissal, when he so suddenly left the villa that night. I declared that if they had forced me to marry an old man when I was a young girl like her, I would have made matters still worse for him. 'And surely, said I, 'if Herr Gino only knows where you are concealed, he will move heaven and earth to free you. He will come to you, even if he has to dig a pathway through the rocks.'

"But would you believe it, Herr Captain, all my consoling words made not the slightest impression upon her. I might have spoken into the well, and it would have done just as much good.

"When I told her that our jailor had rode forth she hastily sprang up in bed, and cried, 'Where?' When I could not tell, she began to tremble in every limb, and she sobbed: 'He will seek Gino, certainly he will not rest until he has found him, and then Gino's death is certain.'

"'Or that of your lord,' I said, 'and then you are free.' But she would hear nothing, and the whole week, until the Marchese returned, was to her a purgatory, she was so wretched and anxious. But he brought a letter from her parents which comforted her.

"The Marchese had passed the whole time of his absence in the city, so the mother wrote. He had arranged his business, and resigned his military position to live henceforth for the health of his wife, so she said. Then came prayers and entreaties for her not to yield to melancholy, and tender words, asking if the mother should not come. There was also all the city news, and among other things tidings that her cousin Gino had sailed for Genoa, the flotilla to which he belonged having been ordered to Africa. This was the best consolation of all, for he was safe from the vengeance of the Marchese. She gave me the letter to read, but said nothing about its contents, for during these three past years she has spoken few words but in prayer. Ah, Herr Captain! a tiger, a crocodile even, would weep tears of blood, to see this poor lady so still and white, flitting through her apartments like a ghost, and the monster, her own husband."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Reptiles in the Stomach.

The *Medical and Surgical Reporter*, speaking of the alleged cases of snakes and other reptiles living in the stomach of human beings, says:—

Such stories are the consummation of folly, and he must be an ill-educated Doctor, (if educated at all) who could send forth such a *farago* of nonsense. That a very small reptile might crawl into a child's mouth may be true; but, that any animal, not bred in the human stomach, could live there any length of time, is so utterly at variance with all the laws of physiology and digestion that none but *ignoramuses* ever credit them. *We* have some pious frauds to give on this subject, but not now.

Physicians know that there are certain entozoa that exist in the human organism, and often cause distressing symptoms, and continued ill health. But that a "snake," or a toad, or other reptile, could maintain an existence in the stomach for two hours, much less two years, is a fiction that our profession should lose no opportunity to combat. Cases where reptiles are supposed to exist in the stomach are most likely of a hysterical character, and the contortions of the reptile, its "gnawing," and its violent efforts to escape from its prison house, are all imaginary.

We once had a patient, a very respectable lady, who fancied that she had a snake in her throat that was trying to escape. She could feel it with her finger! Would open her mouth, and wonder that we could not see it, and pluck it out! She forewarned us that it was of no use to try to convince her that there was nothing there, for she *knew* better! Had turned away several physicians because they would not believe her. There was nothing left but to prescribe *something*. We succeeded, in course of time, in relieving her partially, at least of the irritation in her throat, but she insisted that our remedies were *bringing the reptile away by piecemeal!*

We have heard of a case in which a patient insisted that she had a toad in her stomach. Her physician at last admitted the statement, and prepared to relieve her *mind* of the toad in this way. Giving her an emetic, he awaited its operation; in his officiousness in supporting her head as she vomited, he managed to cover her eyes while he adroitly threw a live toad into the vessel! It was enough,—the patient, with a "I told you so," was cured from that hour.

Such a "pious fraud" was perhaps excusable under the circumstances; but it is always better, and much more in accordance with the spirit of our calling, if we can cure the hallucination by removing the ill health that causes it.

☞ A USEFUL BOTTLE.—A party of hunters from San Francisco were chased by a grizzly on the Coast Range, and in jumping over a fallen tree one of them dropped a bottle from the pocket of his shooting-coat. This accident saved their lives, for the bear stopped, smelt of the bottle, set himself down on his haunches, and taking the flask in his paws, drank like a thirsty biped, rubbing his hirsute stomach in satisfaction, and utterly forgetting his enemies.

☞ Some enthusiastick critick once honored Dickens by saying that in the marvellous variety and power of his characterization, he resembled Shakspeare. "Yes," replied Douglas Jerrold, "he is a Shakspeare, but what a *cockney* Shakspeare!"

☞ The following occurred in one of the South Carolina courts. A "colored gentleman" on the jury was objected to on the ground of incompetency, whereupon the following questions were propounded to him: "Sam, are you a freeholder?" "Yes, sar." "What do you mean by saying you are a freeholder?" "I means bein' free and holdin' on, and so on." "What is a verdict, Sam?" "I dun know, sar." "What is a defendant?" "I dun know, sar; I'se green 'bout dese things." Here General Canby's order was read, from which it appeared he was competent; so he took his seat.

☞ A rural pastor prayed fervently for rain during a severe drought, which began to fall in torrents just as the service closed, when two farmers walking home together were getting fully wet, and one remarked to the other: "The parson does pray with a good unction." "Yes," replied the other, "but he lacks judgment."

☞ The disciples of Compte are going to found a Church of Humanity in New York. The letter of invitation to the course of lectures on this "scientific" religion says: The times are ripe for the inauguration of a religion the product of our own age, and which is up to, if not in advance of, the present state of knowledge among the human race.

☞ A party of English tourists write home that they had found the salted body of Lot's wife near the Dead Sea, and seasoned their lunch with her, "ye know."

☞ Klopstock, the German poet, engraved on the tombstone of his wife two sheaves of wheat, thrown, as it were, carelessly together, with the words: "We shall ripen in heaven."

The Wild Woman of Texas.

The Liberty (Texas) Gazette publishes the following marvellous story:—

"In the Grand Cane neighborhood in this county, a short time ago, a gentleman in the depths of a forest suddenly came upon a woman as wild and as fleet as an untamed deer. After a brisk chase of some distance the gentleman on horseback overtook the wonderful creature, when she halted, and he found her to be a medium sized, middle-aged, well formed woman, with long, dark hair, and clear, blue eyes. She was in a state of nudity save a girdle of gray moss about her loins. Her body and limbs were covered with a beautiful coat of hair about four inches in length. She was much frightened and seemed unable to talk, but must have comprehended signs, as in reply to motions of the gentleman by which he sought to induce her to accompany him out of the woods, she constantly pointed to her own forest home. Finally the gentleman endeavored to compel her to go the way he desired by getting before her and by threatening gestures with his gun, and she became enraged, seized a club, and turned upon him with the fury of a demon, and it was only by the speed imparted to his steed by a liberal use of the spurs, that he kept out of her way. After driving off her pursuer, she resumed the direction she had so constantly pointed to, and was soon out of sight.

"The gentleman followed, and after going some distance came upon her home. Three trees, standing near each other in a triangular form, with the spaces between them walled up with brush and moss, made her moss bed between them secure from the pitiless rain. The only stores that were discovered were a few nuts and some four or five bushels of acorns.

"Very wild stories of this wild woman have been rife in the upper part of the county for some time, but she was believed to be a myth by all except those who have had a glimpse of her. Now, however, her existence, description, and the vicinity at least of her whereabouts, are established beyond controversy. Her early capture may be regarded as within the range of probability, as concentrated effort is being made to that end."

☞ In India, the total number of the English population is reported to be 150,000. Of these, 58,000 are in the army; 8,500 are Government officials or clergyman, and the remaining 88,500 are engaged in trade. It seems almost inconceivable that this handful of Englishmen could overawe and rule with arbitrary power a population of a couple of hundred millions of Hindoos, and the fact that they do, illustrates the genius and courage of the ruling class, and the effeminacy and cowardice of the natives.

☞ Hungarian troops are hereafter to garrison Hungary, and in this and other measures which have been taken to conciliate that country, Austria shows the greatest wisdom. Hungary, once rebellious, is now believed to be quite firmly allied to Austria—a judicious attention to the wishes of her people having changed hatred to loyalty.

☞ True Philosophy.—The "Teutonic Philosopher" was saluted by one of his friends, "How are you, Toot?" The philosopher stopped, poised his stick on the pavement, and replied: "Vell, wats the use of gomplainin'. Ven I gomplain the peeple tink I wants to borrow monish; ven I don't gomplain they tinks I have moniah to lend."

☞ Mrs. Gaines, after nearly thirty years of litigation, has gained her suit for her property in Louisiana, by a decision of the United States Supreme Court. The estate in litigation was valued in 1839 at $6,480,000, and during the last thirty years has increased enormously in value. It embraces a large portion of the city of New Orleans.

☞ The most impressive of professional signs has probably been devised by a corn-trimmer of Marseilles, in France. He displays an immense picture over his door, in which the Empress Eugenie is seated in state upon a throne, in regal robes, presenting a pretty foot upon a crimson cushion, to the operator, and holding in her hand a bank note for five hundred francs. The Emperor stands solemnly at her side, in full uniform, and wearing the grand cordon of the legion of honor. The high dignitaries of the court stand around with imperturbable gravity, and a holy father, in clerical robes, raises his tearful eyes upwards and joins his hands in supplication that the ordeal may be happily passed. Of course a corn-cutter who has been permitted to relieve the feet of an Empress may be trusted with the bunions of common mortals, and cannot be expected to be satisfied with small fees either.

☞ The War Department recently drew over *thirteen millions* of dollars from the Treasury in a single month, to defray army expenses.

☞ The Paris Exposition has awarded to the Pacific Mills, of Lawrence, Mass., a prize of $2,000 in gold for its success in securing harmony between employers and employed, and in advancing the welfare of the operatives. The Exposition gave ten awards for superiority in this respect, and among five hundred competitors, nine were chosen from European countries, none from Great Britain, and this one from the United States.

☞ The following prices (reduced to American currency) are taken from advertisements in the Derby and Derbyshire Gazette, England:—"Overcoats, $7; men's boots, $2.75; women's boots, $1.25; full black dress suit, $15.50; blankets, good size and all wool, $2.75 the pair; sheets, very heavy and good size, 90 cents the pair; good gray calicoes, 7 cents per yard."

☞ Poetry must be more than common sense, but it must be that at least.

☞ Correspondents in Ireland write that the exodus from that country to the United States has again begun, and that all the steamers coming to America, and also numerous sailing vessels, are filled with emigrants. The various ports of Ireland are also filled with emigrants awaiting passage, and the majority are said to be from 16 to 25 years of age.

☞ Prize-fights have one redeeming quality—namely, some very bad characters get very soundly whipped.

The Power of the Heart.

Let any one, while sitting down, place the left leg over the knee of the right one, and permit it to hang freely, abandoning all muscular control over it. Speedily it may be observed to sway forward and backward through a limited space at regular intervals. Counting the number of these motions from any given time, they will be found to agree exactly with the beating of the pulse. Every one knows that at fires, when the water from the engine is forced through bent hose, and, if the bend be a sharp one, considerable force is necessary to overcome the tendency. Just so it is in the case of the human body. The arteries are but a system of hose through which the blood is forced by the heart. When the leg is bent, all the arteries within are bent too, and every time the heart contracts, the blood rushing through the arteries tends to strengthen them; and it is this effort which produces the motion of the leg alluded to. Without such ocular demonstration, it is difficult to conceive the power exerted by that exquisite mechanism, the normal pulsations of which are never perceived by him whose very life they are.

Faith.—An old lady was one night reading that passage in the Bible which speaks of the faith that can remove mountains. Now there was behind her humble dwelling a high hill, which hid the nearest village from her view. She had often wished that this hill might be taken away, so before retiring she prayed that it might be removed, because she had faith that it would be done. But in the morning when she arose she lifted the curtain, and lo, the mountain was still there. Then the old lady said to her son, "Just as I expected, John; the old hill stands there yet." "Just as you expected, mother, was it?" replied the son—"then you certainly had not faith."

☞ Shouldn't be Discussed.—There was a humorous old Baptist in New York about forty years ago, who, though he was himself a convert from the Presbyterian ranks, never would debate with his old friends about the matter, saying, "Religion and medicine are fancy articles, and shouldn't be discussed."

☞ The purest red and white complexions are said to look ghastly before footlights—hence the necessity of rouge and rice powder.

☞ Our contemporaries in all parts of the country continue to publish cheering reports of the condition of the growing crops, and a bountiful harvest is anticipated.

☞ Some one curious in these matters has made a calculation in regard to the salaries paid to ministers in this country and the number of sermons preached, that the average price paid for a sermon, take the land through, is only three cents.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been moderately active. About 10,000 bbls sold at $8,50@9 for superfine, $9@10 for extra, $10@11,75 for low grade and fancy northwest extra family, $10,50@12,25 for Penna extra family, $11@12 for Ohio extra family, and $12,50@15 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour—500 bbls sold in lots at $9 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues scarce. About 20,000 bus sold in lots at $2,55 for prime red, $2,70@2,80 for fair to good do, $2,60@2,65 for common, and 10,000 bus of white at $2,75@2,80, the latter rate for prime Kentucky. Rye—5000 bus sold at $1,80@1,90 ₩ bus, the latter rate for prime Penna. Corn—20,000 bus of prime yellow sold at $1,19@1,20; 27,000 bus of western mixed at $1,18@1,19. Oats—30,000 bus sold at 88@90c.

PROVISIONS—There has been more doing. Sales of 650 bbs of Mess Pork at $27@28, and prime at $24,50@25. City packed Mess Beef is selling at $26@27. Beef Hams sell at $38@40 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of 800 lbs plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 18@20c; Sides at 16@17½c; and Shoulders at 12½@14c ₩ lb. Green Meats—Sales of 900 lbs pickled Hams at 17@17½c; and Shoulders at 12½@13c ₩ lb. Lard—sales of 600 bbls and tcs at 17½@18c ₩ lb, and kegs in small lots at 18½c ₩ lb. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 20@43c, and roll at 35@53c ₩ lb. Cheese is selling at 15½@16c ₩ lb. Eggs sell at 22@24c ₩ doz.

COTTON—2300 bales sold at 28@30c for Uplands and 29@31c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—Sales of 1st No 1 Quercitron at $38 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Small sales of yellow at 42c ₩ lb.

COAL—The market continues dull. We quote Locust Mountain lump and steamboat at $3,50; do broken, $2,50@2,65; do egg $2,90@3,10; stove $4@4,25; red ash egg and stove $4,10@4,50; Lehigh lump, steamboat and broken, $5; do prepared, $5; do chestnut, $4,25.

FEATHERS—Sales of choice Western at 59@65c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Dried Apples; sales at 6½@7½c ₩ lb. Dried Peaches; sales of quarters at 8@8½c, and halves at 11@11½c ₩ lb. Pared Peaches range at from 15@22c ₩ lb. Green Apples sells at from $4@5 ₩ bbl.

HOPS—Sales of New York at 35@45c, and Western at 46@60c ₩ lb.

IRON—Pig Iron is less active; sales of Anthracite at $28@29 for No 1; $36@37 for No 2, and $34@35 ₩ ton for hard.

SEEDS—Clover-seed has been dull; 1400 bus sold at $6@6,50 for fair to prime Penna, and $7,25@7,50 ₩ bus for good to choice Western. Timothy; 800 bus sold at $2,35@2,50 ₩ bus, according to quality. Flaxseed sells on arrival at $2,90 ₩ bus.

WOOL—The market continues very quiet; 50,000 lbs sold in lots at 55@60c for double extra; 46@51c for fine; 42@48c for medium; 28@42c for coarse; 48@55c for tub, and 40@42c ₩ lb for pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1930 head. The prices realized from 11@11½ cts ₩ lb. 190 Cows brought from $40 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 6½@7½ cts ₩ lb. 2000 Hogs sold at from $14 to 15,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

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Question. Which is the LARGEST Clothing House in Philadelphia?
Answer. Wanamaker & Brown's Oak Hall, at the corner of Sixth and Market streets.
Question. Which Clothing House has the BEST assortment?
Answer. Wanamaker & Brown's, Sixth and Market streets.
Question. Which is the CHEAPEST place to buy Clothing for Gents, Boys and Children?
Answer. Wanamaker & Brown's, Sixth and Market streets.
Question. Why is WANAMAKER & BROWN'S the largest Clothing House in the city?
Answer. Because it contains more rooms and covers a larger space than any other house in this line of trade in Philadelphia. Besides this, it is largest in sense of selling more goods than any other Clothing House in the city.
Question. Why do Wanamaker & Brown have the BEST assortment?
Answer. Because they always have the largest number of garments on hand for customers to make selections from, and their goods are always FRESHER, a large business keeping a steady flow of new goods to their counters all the time.
Question. Why is Wanamaker & Brown's CHEAPER than other places?
Answer. Because their system of doing business, buying in first hands, gives them great advantages, and their very large sales afford moderate profits.
Question. Do they have fine goods "READY MADE," as well as lower grades?
Answer. All Qualities and Styles are kept on hand in all the sizes.
Question. Do they have BOYS' CLOTHING?
Answer. An IMMENSE assortment. They have recently added a large room on the first floor (so that parents do not have to go up stairs), and have a splendid stock of Boys' Garibaldis, Bismarcks, and every description of Children's Clothing.
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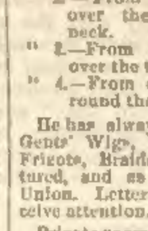

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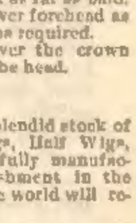

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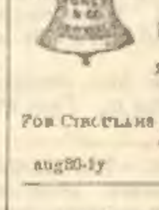

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Baby Letter.

The following letter, purporting to be from a very promising sprig of the rising generation just three weeks old, has been handed to the editor of the Le Roy Gazette, with the assurance that it is genuine as well as good, which we do not presume to doubt. If any one has a smarter baby, let it be exhibited:—

Dear old uncle,
I dot our letter.
My old mammy
She dittin better;
She every day
Little bit stronger,
Don't mean to be sick
Very much longer.
Daddy's so fat
Can't hardly stagger;
Mammy says he jinks
Too much lager!
Dear little baby
Had a bad colic,
Had to take tree drops
Nassy paisgolic.
Toot a dose of tatnip,
Felt worse as ever;
Shan't take no more
Tatnip never!
Wind on stomit,
Felt pooty bad!
Worse fit of sickness
Ever I had?
Ever had belly ate,
Ole Uncle Bill?
Taint no fun now,
Say what oo will.
I used to sleep all day,
And cry all night;
Don't do it now,
Cause taint yite.

But I'm growing,
Getting pooty fat,
Gain most two pounds—
Only tink o'dat!
Little femnin blankets
Was too big before,
Nurse can't pin me
In em no more.
Skirts so small,
Baby so stout,
Had to let the plaits
In em all out.
Got a head of hair
Jess as black as night,
And big boo eyes
Yat look mighty bright.
My mammy say
Never did see
Any ozzer baby
Half as sweet as me.
Grandma comes often,
Aunt Sarah too;
Baby loves nom,
Baby loves oo.
Baby sends a pooty kiss
To his uncles all,
Auntics and cousins,
Big folks and small.
Can't yite no more,
So good-bye,
Bully old uncle,
Viz a glass eye!

Stonewall Jackson's Orders Obeyed.

During the summer campaign of 1862, when General Jackson was preparing for his famous flank movement on McClellan's army, and wishing every one to be kept in ignorance as to his intentions, he issued orders to his men that in answer to all inquiries made them they must reply that they knew nothing of their General's designs. When on the march near Staunton, the old chief was passing through a field; there he met with two soldiers from the —th Texas regiment, making their way to a very tempting looking cherry tree. He inquired—

"Where are you going?"

"We don't know."

"What are you going after?"

"We don't know."

"What regiment do you belong to?"

"We don't know."

"What state are you from?"

"We don't know. Stonewall Jackson has given us orders that in answer to all questions we are to say, 'we don't know.'"

Jackson was silenced. His men were acting in strict obedience to his orders. He could say nothing more to them, and he left them to enjoy their cherries unmolested. —*Southern Opinion.*

About Even.

A distinguished ex-Governor of Ohio, famous for story-telling, relates that on one occasion, while he was addressing a temperance meeting at Georgetown, District of Columbia, and depicting the miseries caused by too freely indulging in the flowing bowl, his attention was attracted by the sobs of a disconsolate and seedy-looking individual seated in the rear part of the room. On going to the person and interrogating him the governor was told the usual tale of woe; among other sad incidents, that during his career of vice he had buried three wives. The governor having buried a few wives of his own, sympathized deeply with the inebriate, and consoled him as much as was in his power. Said he: "The Lord has, indeed, deeply afflicted you." The mourner, sobbing, replied: "Y-yes, He has;" and, pausing a moment and wiping his nose, he continued, "but I don't think the Lord got much ahead of me, for as fast as He took one, *I* took another!"

A Witness.

A Yankee, having told an Englishman that he shot, on one particular occasion, nine hundred and ninety-nine snipe, his interlocutor asked him why he didn't make it a thousand at once.

"No," said he; "not likely I'm going to tell a lie for one snipe."

Whereupon the Englishman rather "riled," and determined not to be outdone, began to tell a long story of a man having swam from Liverpool to Boston.

"Did you see him?" asked the Yankee.

"Well, of course I did. I was coming across, and our vessel passed him a mile out of Boston harbor."

"Well, I'm glad ye saw him, stranger, 'cos yer a witness that I did it. That was me!"

THE PATENT HEN'S NEST.—The Kilkenny cats have passed into a proverb. Even that tale is almost matched by one more recent of a hen which went to lay in a new patent hen's nest, in which the eggs drop through a trap door, and so deceives biddy that she keeps on laying. This particular hen went on the persuader, as the invention is called, and never came off again. The owner visited the persuader at night. In the upper compartment he found a handful of feathers, a few toe nails and a bill. In the lower compartment were three dozen and eleven eggs. The delicate constitution of the hen had been unequal to the effort; and, fired by young ambition, she had laid herself all away.

THE Rev. L. D. Davis was a couple of years since the popular pastor of the Methodist Church in Newport, Rhode Island, and is one of the talented men of his Conference. He likes a good story; and, among others, tells of a Sabbath-evening prayer-meeting held during his pastorate of that church: A good brother feeling called upon to exercise his "gift," prayed the Lord to "bless the word which had been spoken to them in such great feebleness this day." The "Amens" were hearty.

A SETTLER.—Adolphus, (admired for his sentiment)—"Good-night, beloved—may the drowsy god soon wrap that beauteous form in golden slumber—may delicious dreams hover o'er thy couch!"

Emily, (his betrothed, somewhat matter-of fact)—"Good-night. Be sure you turn the gas off, put your boots out, and—don't snore." Adolphus never tried it "no more."

PURSUIT OF ART UNDER DOMESTIC DIFFICULTIES.

What are Tears?

The principal element, the prime ingredient, so to say, of a tear, is water; this water, upon dissolution, contains a few hundredth part of the substance called *mucus*, and a small portion of salt, of soda, of phosphate of lime, and of phosphate of soda. It is the salt and the soda that give to tears that peculiar savor which earned for tears the epithet of "salt" at the hands of the Greek poets, and that of "bitter" at that of ours: "salt" is, however, the more correct term of the two. When a tear dries, the water evaporates, and leaves behind it a deposit of the saline ingredients; these amalgamate, and, as seen through the microscope, array themselves in long crossed lines, which look like diminutive fish-bones.

Tears are secreted by a gland called the "lachrymal gland," which is situated above the eyeballs, and underneath the upper eyelid on the side nearest the temple. Six or seven exceedingly fine channels flow from it along and under the surface of the eyelid, discharging their contents a little above the delicate cartilage which supports the lid. It is these channels or canals which carry the tears into the eye. But tears do not flow only at certain moments and under certain circumstances, as might be supposed; their flow is continuous; all day and all night (although less abundant during sleep) they trickle softly from their slender sluices, and spread glistening over the surface of the pupil and eyeball, giving them that bright, enamel, and limpid look which is one of the characteristic signs of health. It is the ceaseless movement and contraction of the eyelids that effect the regular spreading of the tears; and the flow of these has need to be constantly renewed in the way just mentioned, because tears not only evaporate after a few seconds, but also are carried away through two little drains, called "lachrymal points," and situated in the corner of the eye near the nose. Thus, all tears, after leaving the eyelids, flow into the nostrils, and if the reader will assure himself of this, he has only to notice, unpoetical as the fact may be, that a person after crying much is always obliged to make two-fold use of his or her pocket handkerchief.

The utility of tears to animals is general, and in particular to those who are exposed much to the dust, such as birds who live amidst the winds, is easy to understand; for the eye would soon be dirtied and blocked up, like an uncleaned window-pane, had not nature provided this friendly ever-flowing stream to wash and refresh it. A very little fluid is necessary to keep the eye always free and clean; but here again we must admire the wonderful mechanism which works the human body, for it is to be observed that when, through some accident or hurt, the eyeball has need of more water than usual to cleanse it, nature at once turns on a more abundant supply of tears. Thus, for instance, when a grain of dust, or an insect creeps into the eye, the eyelids at once fill and run over with tears, and these not only alleviate the pain, but also, when the object is small enough, carry it away down the two small conduits already noticed. The same thing occurs when either smoke, too vivid light, or too intense cold obscures the sight—tears at once come to our relief, and protect the eye from harm.

With regard now to the other tears—those I mean which proceed from moral instead of physical causes—the explanation to be given of them is a very prosy and material one. Tears are caused both by the sudden and rapid flow of blood to the head and by excessive nervous excitement. They are most frequent with women and children, whose nervous organization is less strong than that of men. Among men, it is those of sanguine or nervous temperaments who weep most often. Lymphatic natures, on the contrary, and persons of bilious temperament, rarely weep at all; the former because they have commonly but little sensibility, and the latter because they have usually a firm control over their feelings. When, therefore, a man of lymphatico-bilious temperament is seen to shed tears under emotion, one may feel sure that the innermost nerves of his heart have been wrung, and one must bow one's head in respect before a man whose pangs must be intense. Conversely, it is prudent to keep one's coolness before strongly excitable or highly imaginative people who weep; their tears are often genuine, but, as a rule, they cost them but little effort, and in nine cases out of ten, are forgotten as soon as shed. Actors of great talent call up tears at will, by working themselves into a state of wild excitement. Mademoiselle Rachel, for instance, than whom no colder, more unloving woman ever trod the stage, used, when she put forth all her efforts, to weep so passionately that she would set fifteen hundred spectators crying with her.

A Word for the Babies.

Poor little things that cannot speak for themselves! How many are the hard thoughts engendered in their disfavor, to say nothing of the hard words and still harder blows which many of them receive from those unfeeling ones who forget that they were babies once, and just as fretful, just as cross, just as unlovely as those whom they have now no patience with.

But let me tell you your baby would not fret if he felt comfortable. Do you feel comfortable at all times and in all places? Do you always keep your temper about your surroundings? Well, your babe is overcome by adverse circumstances as well as you; and as fretting and crying are his only method of expressing feelings of discomfort, do not be impatient with the little one because he, in his language, is giving vent to his feelings just as his elders do in theirs. Stop a minute and consider if you would not "fret" and "fuss," only that you are ashamed of it.

And here let me whisper a truth: that in very many cases all the treatment a sick child needs is rest and quiet. Rest from play, rest from talk, rest from company, rest from food. Perhaps he has had too much of all of these—of the last two in particular; and now the doctor is called, and the whole house is in commotion, with each one telling how he has been, and how he was taken, and the talk over the poor babe is enough to make a well child sick. Then the neighbors, having seen the doctor's horse at the door, scarcely wait till he is out of sight before they "run in to see who is sick." This is all very well, if they would run directly out again; but they must sit down close around the sick one, and tell over all the remedies they have heard of as being good in such cases; then all the deaths they have been cognizant of from this disease—drinking up the pure air, and disturbing the quiet he might otherwise get, till the poor little tired one is almost killed. And this goes on day after day; for the parents, as well as others, seem entirely unaware that a sick child, even the veriest babe, feels the presence of company, and is injured by conversation quite as much, if not more, than an older person. The little weak nerves are grated upon again and again, and when I say "You must not talk in the presence of this child," they look incredulous, and exclaim: "Why, do you think it would hurt such a child?" Of course it hurts him; and many a sick child is killed outright for want of rest and quiet when sick. Physicians should realize this fact, and insist upon it that no one should be allowed to go near the child except those who are to take care of him, and that even these should refrain entirely from talking to each other and to the child.

"Oh, it is a sad, sad thing to be a baby! A little bundle of flesh and blood with an immortal soul in it, entirely at the mercy of those in whose way it is thrown. My heart aches for you, poor little wellsprings of pleasure! for to many of you I know life is but a fountain of pain. Mothers, I beseech you to consider that your babe is made of material just as sensitive as you are, and by as much as you have suffered, and been made unhappy by rough usage, give the baby such love and care as shall render him happy where you have been most miserable." —*Mrs. E. P. Miller, M. D.*

☞ An exchange says: There is no need of buying umbrellas. They can easily be procured without—thusly: Take your stand in a doorway on a rainy day. As soon as you see a man with a nice umbrella, step out and say to him: "Sir, I beg your pardon, but you have my umbrella!" Nine times in ten he will surrender it, for how does he know it was not you he stole it from?

☞ Dr. Johnson was observed by a musical friend of his to be very inattentive at a concert while a celebrated solo player was giving an extraordinary performance upon his violin. His friend, to induce him to take greater notice of what was going on, told him how extremely difficult it was. "Difficult, do you call it, sir?" replied the doctor; "I wish it were impossible."

AGRICULTURAL.

The Protection and Planting of Forest Trees.

The time has arrived, when, in many parts of our country, the want of forest trees for the purpose of building, fencing, fuel, shade, shelter, and general effect in the landscape, is being keenly felt. It is, therefore, plain enough that in the clearing of farms great care should be taken to leave belts and masses of trees, for, although single trees and little groups, when stripped of the protection of larger masses, may not be able to withstand the elements, still those of greater extent serve the most desirable purposes, both for use and ornament. The mania, in many regions of country, for stripping the whole face of nature of every tree and shrub, is so great as to destroy some of the finest effects of the most charming landscapes. Would it not be well to use great judgment in deciding what trees should be cut down? The tree, a hundred years in growing, may be cut down in an hour! Then let the noble and beautiful trees, save when they have to be removed for the purpose of profitable cultivation of the soil, be protected rather than destroyed, and let our young men plant young trees. They will benefit their children if not themselves, and serve as very expressive mementoes of their usefulness. The snow, nature's overcoat for the soil, is drifted in the absence of shelter from the high winds, and in many instances, in the absence of trees, our crops are laid bare to the biting blasts of winter.—*N. Y. Farm and Fireside Journal.*

Excellent Whitewash.

As the house cleaning time will soon be here, it may not be amiss to say a few words in regard to whitewashing. There are many recipes published, but we believe the following to be the best that can be: White chalk is the best substitute for lime as a wash. A very fine and brilliant whitewash preparation of chalk is called "Paris White." This we buy at the paint stores for three cents a pound, retail. For each sixteen pounds of Paris White we procure half a pound of the white transparent glue, costing twenty-five cents (fifty cents a pound.) The sixteen pounds of Paris White is about as much as a person will use in a day. It is prepared as follows: The glue is covered with cold water at night, and in the morning is carefully heated, without scorching, until dissolved. The Paris White is stirred in with hot water enough to give it the proper milky consistency for applying to the walls, and the dissolved glue is then added and thoroughly mixed. It is then applied with a brush like the common lime whitewash. Except on very dark and smoky walls and ceilings, a single coat is sufficient. It is nearly equal in brilliancy to "zinc white," a far more expensive article.

Application of Lime to Small Fruits.

Many have hesitated to make the above use of lime, fearing it might produce an injurious effect. It is well for us to state, from experience, that the application of lime to Strawberries, Blackberries, Raspberries, Currants, Rhubarb and Asparagus will act beneficially, unless the ground has been previously heavily limed, or there is very little vegetable matter in the soil. Burnt shell-lime should be applied in preference to stone-lime, and not more than twenty-five or thirty bushels per acre sown fresh over the surface.

Used in this way, with frequent and small yearly doses, it gives the best results.

TOADS FOR GARDENS.—A correspondent of the Lamoille News Dealer says he successfully defends his vine patch by laying boards between the rows, in such a manner as to afford shelter to toads in the day time, and leave it undisturbed, so that they will make their home under it, which they will do in great numbers. At night they will sally out and devour every bug, and grow fat as aldermen. He says he has a dozen or more of these little philanthropists making their home under a single board not more than six feet long.

FENCE VIEWING.—There is a little town in Vermont where the people have considerable fun with their "fence viewers." One of the officers weighs 300 pounds, another is six feet eight inches tall, and the third is extremely small. It was recently voted that all fences on which the fat man could sit, which the tall couldn't straddle, nor the little one crawl through, should be deemed legal fences.

CORN MARKER.—A simple corn marker can be made by putting a four-foot axle between the front wheels of a wagon and a twelve-foot one between the hind wheels, coupling them together, with braces to the hind axle.

RECEIPTS.

FRENCH STEAK.—Cut thin slices of cold roast beef, and put in a chafing-dish; season with salt, pepper, walnut catchup, a little vinegar, a little warm water, and plenty of butter, with some browned flour rubbed into it. The meat should be entirely covered with the gravy. Light the lamp and put on the lid of the chafing-dish, and let it steam thus, until the gravy is reduced two-thirds. A nice breakfast dish.

KEDJEREE.—Take some fish or meat that has been dressed (if fish, bone it carefully), and pull it into very small bits. Add hard-boiled eggs chopped, and as much rice well boiled as you require to fill your dish. Mix all these well together, with sufficient butter or cream to moisten them, adding a little cayenne, mustard, and salt. Put all into a saucepan and stir with a *fork* (not a spoon) until quite hot. The fire must not be too fierce, and the dish must be served up very hot. Some persons like it drier than others. This must of course be regulated by the quantity of butter or cream employed.

HORSERADISH SAUCE.—Scrape one or more sticks of horseradish very fine; indeed, to grate it is best. Have a good tablespoonful; put it in your sauce tureen with a teaspoonful of made mustard, a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of good vinegar, and three tablespoonfuls of rich cream. This is an excellent and well-tried recipe.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma for the Boys and Girls.

I am composed of 5 letters.

My 1, 3, 4, 2, is what all *good* boys and girls are.

My 1, 2, 4, 5, is what no boy should ever take.

My 1, 3, 3, 4, 1, is what small boys and girls are subject to, especially in the dark.

My 2, 3, 4, 1, is what you must be able to do, before you can solve this Enigma.

My 5, 4, 1, is what no boy or girl should ever get.

My 4, 1, 1, is what I hope all my little readers can do.

My 1, 4, 5, you have all seen, if you live near a river or creek.

My 1, 4, 2, 3, is what venturesome boys do.

My 4, 1, 1, 3, 2, is what we are all afraid of.

My 3, 5, is a girl's nickname.

My 3, 1, is a boy's nickname.

My 2, 4, 5, is an animal most boys are afraid of.

My 3, 2, 2, is what boys are likely to do.

My 4, 2, 5, is part of a boy.

My 4, 1, 4, 5, is a proper noun.

My 4, 5, is a verb.

My 5, 3, is a pronoun.

My whole is what boys and girls often do. How many boys or girls can send the answer to me in three weeks.

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

Mathematical Problem.

In a machine-shop there is a horizontal turn-table, 20 feet in diameter. A boy stepped upon the turn-table, while in motion, and walked across it at a uniform rate of speed, his "line of direction" being through the centre of the table, and he keeping all the time in the same straight line in space between two objects not on the table. The boy's velocity is supposed to be uniform with respect to the diameter of the table. Required—The nature of the *curve* the boy traces out on the turn-table, and the distance he walks while crossing it, supposing his velocity to be equal to the velocity of a point in the circumference of the table.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

There are two numbers whose product added to the sum of their squares is 109, and the difference of whose squares is 24.

BENJAMIN F. MOLTER.

Evansport, Ohio.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is the letter B like a hot fire? Ans.—Because it makes oil boil.

☞ Why is a Turk like a shell-fish monger? Ans.—Because he is a mussel-man.

☞ Why is a kiss given to a wrong person like a gun? Ans.—Because it's a blunder-buss.

☞ When is the weather most like a crockery-shop? Ans.—When it's muggy.

☞ Everything has what a pudding has; now what has a pudding? Ans.—A name.

☞ When does the red deer change color? Ans.—When it loses an e and becomes *red-der.*

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—

"Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe."

TRANSPOSITION—Life, (fife, wife, lute, love, lime, line, lift, gift.)

CELERY SAUCE.—Make half a pint of melted butter, of course, using only milk or cream, or both mixed. Have ready three heads of celery, the white parts well washed and cut up into small bits, and boiled for a few minutes in water, which strain off; put the celery to the melted butter, and keep it stirred over the fire for ten or twelve minutes. It is better to put the celery in before the melted butter boils up—as soon as it is hot will do. This is a very nice sauce for boiled fowl or turkey.

POTAGE AUX NOUILLES.—Put half a pound of flour on the board, mix it with an egg, salt, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. It makes a thick, dry paste. Roll it with a pin, sprinkling flour to keep it from sticking, till it is thick as possible. Roll it flat, and hang it over a chair back to dry. When it has dried half an hour, cut the paste in small narrow strips like a pencil. Put a pot of broth on the fire. When it boils drop in the nouilles strips.

TO FRY LIVER.—It should be cut across the grain in slices half an inch thick. Then put into a deep plate, and pour boiling water over it. Let it lie thus for a few minutes, drain it, and season with pepper and salt. Dip each piece of flour, and drop in hot lard. Let it be thoroughly done, but not hard. Make a gravy as for beef, and pour over it.

SOFT COOKIES.—Take one coffee-cup of butter, three of sugar, one of thick cream, and four eggs; mix the butter and sugar, then add the eggs and the cream. Take a pint of sifted flour and a teaspoonful of soda; mix well and stir in to the other ingredients sufficient of it to make the paste or dough stiff enough to roll out; cut it in squares, impress with a fancy mould, and bake in a slow oven. Caraway seed and ground coriander seed are often used to flavor these biscuits called "cookies."

A WORD ABOUT FISH.—Fish having white flesh are—cod, cusk, haddock, hake, halibut, pollock and whitefish. Sauces used with white flesh fish, when baked, boiled or broiled, are—anchovy, caper, mayonnaise, bechamel, egg sauce, soup and maitre d'hotel Fish with black flesh are—bass, bluefish, eels, herrings, mackerel, perch, pickerel, salmon, scup, shad, tautog or blackfish and trout. For these use anchovy, tomato, caper, genevoise, maitre d'hotel, mayonnaise, soup or court bouillon sauce. Flounders and smelts. Smelts are always fried.

Fish when done will flake off easily when you try it with a fork.